

PAY YOUR CHILDREN TO GET MARRIED says WILL DURANT

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

JULY 1952 15 CENTS



AN IDEA A DAY FOR JULY-AUGUST MEALS

SUMMER FICTION, FASHIONS, BEAUTY TIPS



He wears the
cleanest shirts in town

...his "Missus" swears by **TIDE!**

*He wears the cleanest shirts in town!
There isn't any doubt
That all his shirts are washed with Tide
'Cause when Tide's in...dirt's out!*

***Tide* GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP OF ANY KIND!**

CLEANER CLOTHES! Take those clothes you've been washing with soap, and do them with Tide—you'll hang out a **CLEANER** wash! NO soap will get out so much dirt, yet leave clothes so free from dulling soap film! There's nothing like Tide.

WHITER, BRIGHTER CLOTHES! Laboratory tests prove Tide gets clothes cleaner and whiter than any soap in hardest water. And, after just one Tide wash, soap-dulled colors come **brighter!** See the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts . . . in your own bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tough on dirt, but easy on hands—that's Tide! NO washday soap made is kinder to hands! NO washday soap gets clothes so clean as Tide. Get Tide—and have the cleanest wash in town.

P. S. Thrifty! Tide can save at least
25% on your soap bills!



MORE WOMEN USE TIDE
than any other washing product! It's the favorite — 3 to 1

EDITORIAL

I don't remember when Mrs. Edwards moved into the upper duplex at the old Brown house. It must be about a year since I first saw the quiet-looking older woman going in with her bundles and her market basket.

I thought, as we nodded, it was too bad none of us have much time any more to make newcomers welcome. Then, like the rest of the people around me, I went on with my own crowded life.

I got thinking back today because Helen Edwards has just left after bringing back my heating pad — borrowed for Mrs. Johnson's mother. The two children next door tagged along home with her, and old Mr. Smith called her to look at his perennial border.

We still don't know a lot about the friendly woman whose only son and daughter-in-law live in another city. But she knows a lot about all of us, for she has given us generously of the important possession we have so little of — time. I think she started with the children and you know what quick ambassadors of good or evil they are. I know she didn't get huffy, or sound ruffled when she was so often forgotten at our small gatherings, at first, or left out of things, or was the extra newcomer we just couldn't fit into something.

This sounds like a silly little story when you write it down, doesn't it? It just happens to be true.

I've watched it over and over. There is the not-very-glamorous girl who makes herself so warmly necessary to the club or office group by taking a little more responsibility and demanding a little less in return, that she is part of every plan and adventure. There is the mother who wants to be liked and needed by her son's and daughter's friends; the newcomer to a neighborhood. They work at the job — however unobtrusively.

Usually they are thoughtful, and interested and entertaining, but not nosey. They do something well — knit, or play bridge, or tennis or golf, or can grow flowers or know books or music, or make special favorite dishes well. They are gay, and have a lot of laughter in them.

Oh.

They are almost never critical.

Gotta Dempsey



How To Catch a Philosopher

One morning last winter something happened in Chatelaine which we can describe only as a five-alarm mental conflagration.

One of our editors, excitedly waving a newspaper, collided head-on with a second ditto, who had gone practically sleepless after listening to a lecture



Family snapshot of Dr. and Mrs. Will Durant and their daughter, Mrs. H. Gordon Mibell of Stratroy, Ont., with her husband and children—baby Monica and son Jimmy.

which the first (or newspaper-bearing) editor was just reading.

It was a dissertation on Marriage in Transition, by the world-famous philosopher and great thinker of modern times, Dr. Will Durant.

After perusing full-dress notes taken by our on-the-spot staffer, Associate Editor Gerald Anglin commenced an all-out pursuit of Dr. Durant. He was determined to bring to Chatelaine readers the clear, sound and often-disturbing findings on our marital moment in history of a man who had no pat or slick answers to any of our problems, but a long-term vision that carried some vehemently urgent truths in it.

The savant-writer was, he explained, kindly, but firmly and finally (from Miami Beach, Florida) three-quarters through volume five of his seven volumes of The Story of Civilization. He might see us during a summer visit to his only daughter, Mrs. H. Gordon Mibell, her industrialist husband and seven-months-old daughter, Monica Ariel, in Stratroy, Ontario. But he was sorry, he had no time for magazine articles.

We won't track you through the volumes of correspondence in Mr. Anglin's files. Suffice it to say that Dr. Durant, finally convinced of our strong

conviction of the importance of what he had to say to our readers, laid aside the history (Volume Five, The Renaissance) and wrote "A Philosopher Looks at Marriage."

This is the first of a pretty searching series we have under way, bundled together with the over-all heading, "Let's Look at Our Life." Next month we bring you a fiercely penetrating study of yourself—and all the rest of us who, as women, have bumped up against the difficulties of adjusting to jobs, marriage, men and family relationships in these shifting middle years of the twentieth century.

Chatelaine will run a two-part condensation of the revealing new book, "The Many Lives of Modern Woman," to be published in Canada by Doubleday, following the appearance of our articles.

Dr. Durant, by the way, is the son of the late Joseph Durant, who was born in St. Jean, near Montreal. His mother, Marie Allors, was also of French-Canadian parentage. You will probably recall that his first book, The Story of Philosophy, sold some two million copies in America, has been translated into 12 languages and was for three years on the best-seller lists.

Centrepiece

*My garden pays in many ways
For my devoted labors.
But why do all the choicest blooms
Grow, always, in the neighbor's?*

That water glass of stunted little blossoms in any woman's kitchen window is witness to the fact that she is the true flower lover—can't bear to throw even the underprivileged ones away . . .

Mothers by Invitation Only

It would only cost you \$60 to get from Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, to Ottawa and back this month—if you were one of the Canadian Girl Guides going to the National Camp at the Connaught Rifle Range.

That's because of a pleasant pooling system by which all the 1,200 girls between 13 and 18 who will gather for the tent-city powwow July 14 to 25 are dividing costs so everybody could come.

Among projects we like are a handicraft show from all over the country, an international dance and

music night with special Canadian songs, and a gossip tent where guides from around this country, the U. S., Jamaica, Bermuda, Holland, Brazil, French Martinique and other global points represented can sit around and talk things over.

P.S. No mothers will be allowed within camping range except by special short-term invitation.

Let us Work For You

We couldn't think of a nicer holiday present for you than the sixty-odd suggestions, recipes and menus Marie Holmes worked out for July and August meals. It makes the meal preparation chores for sunning weather seem so simple that the whole staff at our place is getting ready to try them on our multiple families or fellow householders.

Should allow us extra time, while you're loafing or swimming or traveling, to get well ahead on the big fall issues we have coming up for you.

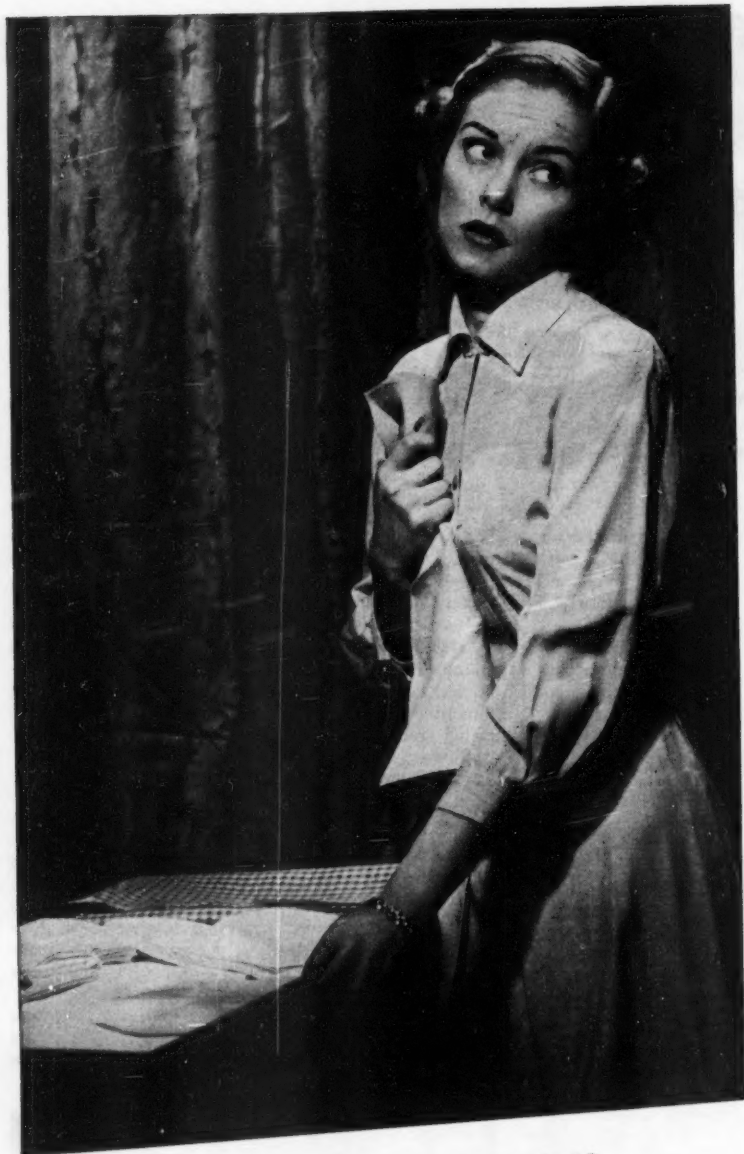


The U. S. Thinks We're Rich

We weren't a bit surprised to learn from Hugh Crombie, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the other day, that there are now 7,000 Americans a year coming over to Canada to work and live, and 4,000 Canadians coming back home annually from over the border.

Now that the flood of Canadians moving south has eased, we can be generous in congratulating compatriots who are doing us proud across the line. One who dropped into the Centre the other day—long enough for us to take this picture with Chatelaine staffer Doris McCubbin—is Ruth Griss Schwartz, a valued editorial staff member of Town and Country Magazine in New York.

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Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirtieth mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

You Never Know

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And when it is, you offend needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local

condition due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

Be Extra Careful

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and extra-careful precaution against halitosis? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

Sweetens for Hours

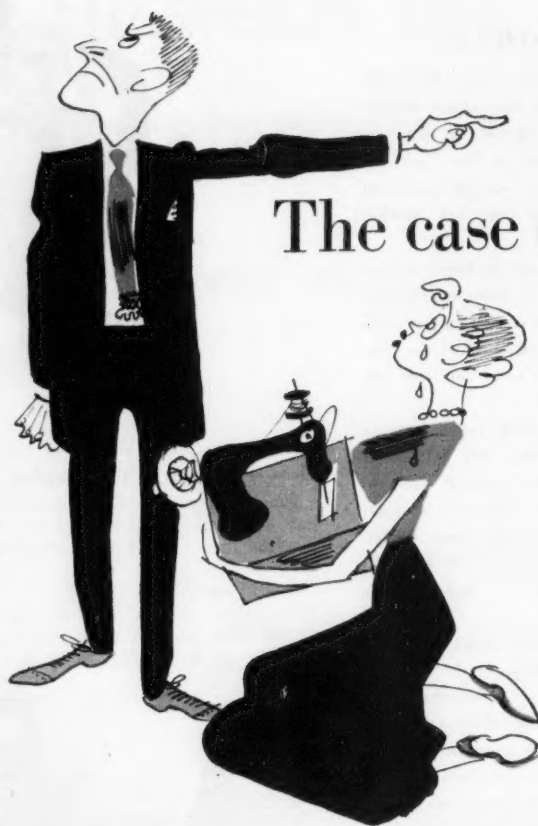
Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution against offending because it stops bad breath for hours.

Yes, actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained much fresher and sweeter for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse. When you want that extra assurance, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company (Canada) Ltd.

BEFORE ANY DATE . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

Made in Canada

Stops Bad Breath for Hours



The case of the

Recently a little blessing came into our home. Its promised arrival was announced to me one evening when I returned to the love nest after a particularly harrowing day. My bride of three months, a big girl for her age, was waiting at the door, a look of coyness about her face.

In fact I said to her: "There is a look of coyness about your face. Spill it, woman! What devilry have you been up to?"

"Sweetheart," said she, using my first name, "we're going to have something new around the house before long. We'd better start saving . . ."

"You mean . . ." I sputtered, dropping my coat in a heap. (We keep one in the vestibule.)

"Yes," this vaguely familiar woman replied. "I am going to have a sewing machine."

Before I could comment, my wife was chasing the subject like the hounds after Liza.

"Think of the money we'll save," she exclaimed, throwing herself at my feet like an Egyptian slave girl.

"Fine," said I, "you go down and tell the sewing machine people they needn't expect any payment from us."

Unmoved by logic, rhetoric, bribery or a right cross, she steadfastly insisted that marriage was a hollow mockery without a sewing machine.

"Just think," she said, "you won't have to buy any more shirts or dresses or sheets or tablecloths or cup towels or anything. I'll make them. We won't have to buy new drapes for the living room next spring. I can make them."

Up to this point there had been no

suggestion that we were going to buy new drapes at all but this, I was told, had nothing to do with it. We would need them some day.

Now this is the kind of reasoning that delights my orderly senses and I rewarded the creature by crowning her with a geranium plant, which had been ailing of late, anyway.

Nevertheless, today we have a sewing machine. It has every feature and gadget known to man and a few that are exclusively feminine. No home should be without a left-handed ruffler. Automatic buttonholers and the reet-pleater are a must for the housewife with the modern outlook. The only difficulty is that my wife, who is a very kindly soul though an idiot, can't work them.

While we were waiting for the machine to be delivered, she in breathless expectation, I in my sack suit, my wife decided to stock up. First off, she decreed I should have a white shirt. Then, because it would be a shame to waste the pattern, I should have two shirts.

I also needed a new dressing gown, she said, though I had enough already to keep Noel Coward going another ten years. So she bought an acre of powder blue flannel. This was six months ago. Since then she has been busy as a little beaver.

From the shirting she'd bought she made pyjamas for herself.

"I really couldn't make collars the way you like them, dear," she explained, "and it would be a shame to spoil a shirt."

The flannel for my dressing gown is now her dressing gown. I heard her saying today that I need a new suit, which is a pretty good indication that

Hem-Stitched Husband

*Pedal jammed to the floor,
a wild gleam in her eye,
the Little Woman at her sewing machine
can run a man ragged*

By SHAUN DURNEY

Illustrated by W. A. Winter

she will blossom forth before long in a tweed ensemble.

The machine has become a mania with her: she can't stand to see it idle. We have curtains at every window and on several doors, the bird cage and medicine chest. There are ruffled flounces (right-hand) around the bed, a desk, two chairs, the refrigerator and my hip rubber boots.

A sucker for a good line, she bought

by appointment, to use the ironing board.

The machine is foot-controlled, which brings out the woman driver in my wife. She jams the pedal to the floor and a strange gleam comes into her eyes, fogging her glasses. You can almost hear her saying: "Go to it, baby. Tear through this stuff. Momma needs a new shantung duster."

The desk jumps. The floor shudders. My nerves do deep bends and our cave-house neighbors pound on the walls. To date we have lost two walls, three neighbors and our iron-clad lease.

Like some expectant mother with a yearning for exotic foods, my wife leaps up in the dead of night with a hoot (she denies this) and rushes headlong, not for the pantry, but the sewing machine.

"I just had a wonderful idea," she says, and the machine springs into action with all the effect of a pneumatic hammer on a ship's deck. Rumpetty, rumpetty, rumpetty. Whomp. Snip. "Ahaa," she screams. "It's done. And so practical, too. A lace-edged, all-purpose plastic cup towel."

Having toted up the damages, real and personal, I have concluded that my wife will have to make 2,346 shirts and 497 bathrobes, selling at prices not under \$9.95 and \$37.50 respectively, to enable us to break even. At such a price, even schemen.

After a heart-to-heart discussion of the matter with my wife, I have come to the conclusion that the machine (It as we call it affectionately) is not to blame nor is she at fault. I am the culprit. As she pointed out so clearly, if I made more money she wouldn't have to go around saving it so drastically. ♦



a bolt of hardy material from a traveling salesman, then tired of it. Can anybody use 173 blue denim handkerchiefs? Or penwipers?

The sewing machine we bought happened to be a portable model, presumably so that my wife could take it along to picnics and parties. But you can't just leave a sewing machine sitting around on the floor, so we had to buy it a table. Then the machine scratched the table. That wouldn't do. Now it sits on my desk and I am permitted,



Safety Tips for Vacation Trips

NOW THAT VACATION TIME has come, many motorists will follow the natural urge to take to the open road. Whether they go on a vacation or week-end trip, or just for a drive in the country, they will find motoring most pleasant when it is safest.

According to government data, motor vehicle accidents accounted for 43 percent of all deaths from accidental causes, and injured fifty thousand people in Canada in one year. Safety authorities say that a good way to make your summer trips more pleasant as well as safer is to follow such motoring precautions as these:

1. Always drive at a safe and sane speed. Reports of traffic authorities show that in 2 out of every 5 fatal accidents, a speed violation was involved. That is why it is so important to drive at a speed which gives you complete control of your car at all times.

2. Follow other cars at a safe distance. According to the Canadian Automobile Association, even when going only 30 miles per hour, under normal conditions, it would take you about 80 feet to come to a complete stop. This emphasizes the need of allowing ample stopping room between your car and the car ahead. A safe margin is one car length for every 10 miles of speed. Of course, this distance should be increased at night, and when driving on slippery roads or in bad weather.

3. Keep constantly alert to other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an

accident, even if their drivers do something wrong. For example, by watching traffic coming from both left and right when nearing an intersection, you may be able to anticipate and avert possible danger. For the same reason, it is wise to pay attention to traffic coming toward you at all times, and especially on hills and curves.

4. Be prepared for driving emergencies. Should a tire blow out, keep a firm grip on the wheel with both hands and let the car slow down before applying the brakes. This will help prevent dangerous swerving. When stopping on a slippery surface, apply your brakes lightly, then release and apply again to help avoid skidding.

5. Have your car's condition checked regularly. Traffic reports show that vehicle defects are contributing causes in about 1 out of every 9 fatal accidents. Defective brakes, lights, tires and steering mechanisms are most frequently at fault. Every part of your car should be periodically checked to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Such inspection is especially important before taking a trip.

Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "How's Your Driving?" to help you increase the pleasure and safety of your motoring. This booklet contains many practical comments and suggestions that tell how to drive with the least amount of worry and trouble. Use the coupon below to send for your free copy.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office:
Ottawa 4, Canada

Please send me a copy of
your booklet, 72-L, entitled,
"How's Your Driving?"

Name

Street

City Prov.

Put that \$100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Cheryl of Omaha, Neb. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic... gleams my hair without a special rinse... leaves it radiantly alive."

Does your hair have that \$100 gleam? Does it sparkle with that "alive" look? Then you've discovered this new liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans... cleans as it gleams! Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than a liquid, more than a cream. It combines the best of both in a soapless shampoo, plus soothing lanolin. Foams into quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Needs no special rinse. Leaves hair silky-soft, manageable, easy to set! Try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!



Wildroot gleam girl, Rose Dent of Leakesville, North Carolina says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo keeps my hair soft, easy to manage, and to set."



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hendler, Vancouver, B.C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam because it gets it so clean."



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo... 'n' mother says it never leaves a dull film 'cause it rinses right out."

How to win \$100

Want to win \$100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you \$100. Judges will be a New York artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that \$100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!

Get New

Lady Wildroot shampoo
gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Two Sizes 43c & 73c

READER TAKES OVER

"The Other Woman" talks back

Husband From Heaven

What a wonderful article you wrote about "The Other Woman" (April Chatelaine). The author certainly knows what she is talking about. I've seen many men and women change for the better after their second marriage.

I am the other woman myself, and I do appreciate the husband I have. When I first met him he had forgotten how to laugh, or even to smile. Now you couldn't erase that grin if you tried. He is a husband fallen from heaven and I'll spend my life giving him all the things he missed before he met me. We'll celebrate our fifth anniversary in July. Mrs. S. T. T., Montreal, Que.

... The recent article on "How to Fight the Other Woman" was interesting and no doubt helpful in some instances, but as a social worker I would say the source of the trouble goes deeper. I have found that in many cases the wife would gladly turn her husband over to the other woman, could she be assured of food and shelter for her children and herself.—R. L., London, Ont.

... After reading "How to Fight the Other Woman," I am left with the impression that marriage, for a woman, means continual sacrificing, plotting and scheming to keep her husband, and all he has to do is coast along without any effort. From the wife's point of view, is it worth it? It seems to me a man like that will stray no matter what the wife does or does not do.—Mrs. K. Warren, Vancouver, B.C.

Decorating a Duplex

Your lessons on home decorating are wonderful! I've started my scrapbook for we have bought a duplex and will move next May. That will give me plenty of time to read your seven lessons, benefit by them and put them to use in our own home.—Mrs. S. E. Dodds, Montreal, Que.

Tears and Cheers

I congratulate you and Alma Smith on the splendid story of Donny Morton (May Chatelaine). After reading this heart-rending account of Arthur Morton's seemingly hopeless task I found myself with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat. When I see how many of these modern parents (myself included) take their children so for granted, I wonder if we could summon up the courage and stamina of Arthur Morton, even if the will was there... I find myself proud just to be able to say I am a fellow Saskatchewan farmer.—Mrs. G. Carberry, Landis, Sask.

... I can't help but write and say how much better a world this would be if we had more parents like the Mortons... a wonderful story of heroism.—Janet Williams, Toronto, Ont.

Guidebook for Rocky Marriages

We appreciate such articles as "Common Law Wife," "Canadian Women are Suckers," and "How to Fight the Other Woman." With a little soul-searching these articles can be gathered into a useful supply of information on which to guide a rocky marriage such as so many of us women face today. Please note I renewed my expiring subscription. I don't want to miss an issue or any additional articles.—M. F. Walpole, Hamilton, Ont.

Reader Blushes

To have used the "Sucker" article was a mistake, but an even greater one was to have filled 6 columns in the May issue with scathing remarks from readers, especially when the same issue contains the article on Donny Morton showing the wonderful treatment given the Morton family by those self-same Americans. I blush with shame as a Canadian to think that generous woman in Pasadena might see those letters. Let's not have the magazine filled with such useless articles.—Mrs. C. Martin, Calgary, Alta.

... There was a lot of truth and a lot of nonsense in the article, "Canadian Women are Suckers," but was very pleased that you stood your ground and said that "Chatelaine published the article as opinion, not advice." My opinion is you should publish more such articles and really wake people up. As it seems the truth hurts. All power to your magazine.—Mrs. R. May, Strathclair, Man.

Dictation by Subscription

Imagine an adult canceling a subscription to a magazine of quality such as your good Canadian publication because an article by our friends across the border does not meet with his or her approval. Is this democracy?—H. Norman, Ottawa, Ont.

... Anyone who cancels a subscription because of a certain article is only forcing his or her opinion on the editor and therefore is no better than a dictator.—Donald Howse, Verdun, Que.

... Please cancel my subscription to your magazine. I must also apologize for the bad manners of my fellow countrymen and regret that you should have thought fit to print their opinions of Canadian wives. By doing so you have given quite unnecessary publicity to a type of United States female which has brought the rest of us into general disrepute. It would have been kinder to return the article to the authors reminding them that guests do not usually criticize their hosts, even in a spirit of good clean fun.—Mrs. A. H., Richmond Hill, Ont.

Paying Children to Marry

I see you have an article coming, announced in your June issue, under the title, "Pay Your Children to Get Married." Is this something that poor long-suffering parents have to endure? Don't you think we have a little leisure and rest coming to us, instead of paying our children to get married? Do we have to pay for their children, too?

We parents are just about fed up with taking responsibilities. We sacrifice to give our children an education, often doing without proper food and wearing their cast-off clothing so that they can be well fed and well dressed. Are you going to suggest now that the small nest egg we have managed to save through thrift and economy for a rainy day is to be turned over to our children so they can marry someone, perhaps of whom we disapprove?

If this article is published I and at least 200 members of a "Help Club" we belong to will never read your magazine again.—A Long-suffering Parent, Montreal, Que.

See pages 7, 8 and 9 for Dr. Will Durant's thought-provoking story, A Philosopher Looks at Marriage.—The Editors.

Materialistic?

... The fact that I have subscribed to Chatelaine for more than two decades is proof of my loyalty. I find the magazine full of practical suggestions, smart intelligent reporting, fair fiction, but almost wholly materialistic. The article in the March issue on our beloved Queen is the exception. I read it as did many of my friends. We nodded our heads and said, "How true. She is exactly like her father." And we felt a satisfying glow at our own penetrating insight. Let's not forget that modern woman has a heart as well as a head.—M. Jenkins, Toronto, Ont.

Recent Immigrant, Please Note

I would like to get in touch with "A Recent Immigrant, Victoria, B.C.," whose letter appeared in your Reader Takes Over Column. I would be glad to introduce her to some other British immigrants who had at one time or another suffered a sense of insecurity, which has later disappeared among friends. Being a war bride myself I know of the loneliness one can experience in starting life in another country, and though I had always made friends

Continued on next page

The couple that had 2 weddings !



Two years ago, Virginia Owen and William Loock, Jr. marched down the aisle, cut wedding cake, and sipped champagne. After the wedding, they shook hands and said goodbye. For Virginia and Bill were only models, posing in wedding fashions.

But Bill vowed he would see more of his beautiful make-believe bride. (Her wonderful Woodbury-soft complexion would capture any man's heart.) And recently, Virginia and Bill marched down the aisle again — this time for keeps!

WHERE'S JUNIOR?

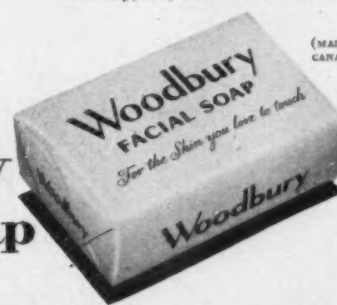


A breathtaking bride... a popular model... Virginia protects her exquisite complexion with Woodbury Soap. It contains a softening oil found in beauty creams... and cleans thoroughly... yet gently!



The beauty-cream ingredient blended into Woodbury Soap by skin scientists, is intended to help replace natural oils you wash away. Try big Beauty-Bath Size Woodbury, too, for head-to-toe loveliness.

Woodbury Facial Soap



with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient
...for the skin you love to touch

quickly and easily in England, it was a comparatively slow and painstaking task in Victoria.—Mrs. D. Bleackley, Kelowna, B.C.

Peppier?

Want to say how much I enjoy Lotta Dempsey's Chatelaine Centre, and how very lively and peppery the whole magazine is lately.—Mrs. F. C. Knight, Burlington, Ont.

... Have enjoyed every copy of your magazine since it first started, but the May issue was the best yet, from Lotta Dempsey's little gem on living in haste to the last page. We all need that reminder of how much we miss by our senseless rushing through each day.—F. M., Ottawa, Ont.

... May I express my appreciation of the editorial in May Chatelaine. On being asked to give the devotional at our

W.A. I wondered where I was going to find "time" to look up suitable material. I suddenly remembered reading your editorial on "time" and decided to use that as my theme, making use of your thoughts which I read to the group ... My husband also read it, and as he sometimes takes the pulpit for the minister, maybe some of your editorial will find its way into the sermon he gives this month.—Mrs. J. H., Viking, Alta.

For Snake Bite Only

I want to tell you what a mighty fine job Earle Beattie did on "yours truly" in your May issue. It may hurt my pride a mite, to see myself as others see me, and I do not see how in two short interviews he could have got so much of the good and left so much of the poor of me, out of the story. Please, may I say one thing, we do not think of "likker" up north like perhaps easterners do, or in more formal places. You may get the idea wrong. It is used mostly for snake bites, microbes and chills! I have just read it over again, after the first cold sweat of fear dried off my brow. To tell a story, and to be able to recognize it again, is a great gift. I guess I did talk too much this time! But all around Earle did a mighty fine job of reporting considering what he had to work it over from, and I thank him and you for the recognition.—Margaret L. (Ma) Murray, Fort St. John, B.C.

What We Need

I was surprised at the viewpoint expressed by "A Recent Immigrant—Victoria, B. C." regarding mental illness and treatments of same, and I thought the article "Return from the Shadows" was just a beginning of what we—the general public—need. The most pitiful of all ignorant bliss to my way of thinking is general lack of knowledge of mental sickness, how to detect signs and convince people to go for help in the early stages; how our hospitals and staffs of nurses and doctors cope with it, and how very much more money needs to be spent on hospitals, clinics, etc., for this type of sickness. I do not think Canada is any farther behind in its treatment and care of our mentally ill nor that we have more per population than Britain has. I do think our care of these people has improved a great deal in the last ten years at an amazingly fast rate, and am sure in the next ten years it will do much more. Let's have more and more articles on the same theme.—"Interested," Ponoka, Alta.

... I am very sorry to hear there are people in this enlightened age who resent the publication of such splendid articles as "Return from the Shadows." Maybe this is common practice in Great Britain, but it is still a new thing here, and certainly a great advancement in the history of mental health in Canada.—Mrs. G. Sykes, New Westminster, B. C.

Laburnum Grove

In "Chatelaine Centre" for April you mentioned a laburnum tree that was brought from Victoria, B. C., to Toronto. There is one growing in my hometown of Chatham, on the main street. My father has a colored photo of this tree. When anyone sees this photo they recall other laburnum trees growing somewhere in Canada. I hope they will grow in Alberta for the English lady who misses the English spring.—Mrs. D. A. Frolick, Fenwick, Ont.

New Wives for Old

If the illustrious American way of life produces such paragons of virtue as the Two American Wives describe in a recent issue, I can readily understand why their male population turns them in frequently for newer models.—Mrs. Phyllis Strachan, R.R. No. 1, Corunna, Ont.

Beauty
is brought to you
by Avon

When you greet the Avon Representative with the invitation, "Please come in!" you assure yourself of beauty care best suited to your individual needs. You choose fine Avon cosmetics from a wide selection of flattering colors and exquisite fragrances. Long a favorite with women throughout Canada, moderately priced Avon cosmetics are selected in the convenience of your home, with the help of the Avon Representative.

... Welcome her when she calls.

Avon of Canada, MONTREAL

WILL DURANT URGES:

We believe you will find this one of the most thought-provoking articles you have read in a long time. In a day when glib commentaries on marriage are being churned out on all sides it is a privilege to bring Chatelaine readers these vital yet down-to-earth observations of the world-famous historian and philosopher, Dr. Will Durant, author of *The Story of Philosophy* and *The Story of Civilization*. — The Editors.



A PHILOSOPHER LOOKS AT MARRIAGE

by Will Durant

In the midst of our wars and our machines, we have lost sight of the fact that the basic reality in life is not politics, nor industry, but human relationships—the association of a man with a woman, and of parents with a child. About these two focuses of love—mate-love and mother-love—all life revolves . . .

WILL DURANT URGES:

Pay your children to marry young.

Dowries for sons as well as daughters.

No trial marriage — but trial divorce.

Public betrothal for six months before marriage.

What is the meaning of marriage? Perhaps if we can uncover its origin, we shall better realize its significance.

Picture a star fish, among the lowliest of animals, stretching out her rays or arms over her fertilized eggs and her hatched young. It is the beginning of one of the central phenomena in nature—parental care. In the plant and animal world generally, the species is preserved not by maternal solicitude but by lavish and wasteful procreation. The oyster deposits millions of eggs and then, with characteristic nonchalance, leaves them to their fate; a few of them develop, but most of them serve as food or are lost as just plain waste.

Slowly nature discovered and developed parental care as a substitute for this reckless extravagance. From the lowest vertebrates to the highest tribe of men, the size of the litter, the brood, or the family decreases, and parental care increases, with every stage of development in the genus, the species, the variety, the race, the nation, the class, and the individual. Marriage came not to license love, but to improve the quality of life by binding mates in permanence to care for the offspring they produce.

Along with this powerful impulse of parental care rose a central and dominating institution—the family. The origin of the family lay in the invaluable helplessness of the child, in its increasing susceptibility to development and training after birth.

Let us understand, then, that marriage is not a relation between a man and a woman, designed to legalize desire; it is a relation between parents and children, designed to preserve and strengthen the race. If it had been a personal instead of a racial matter, it would not have been made the first concern of human custom and laws.

Marriage evolved as economic relations changed.

In the nomad stage, the male, a mighty hunter before the Lord, took his club and perhaps a friend, stole into another tribe, snatched some fair maiden from her tent, and carried her away after the manner of the Sabine rape.

Then, through the growth of wealth and peace, morals improved, and the man took not a club,

but a valuable present or an offer of long service, to the father of the woman he desired; marriage by purchase replaced marriage by capture.

In those early days war was frequent and perils were many; death came upon the male with less procrastination than upon the female; and polygamy was a crude attempt of the surviving men to take care of the women who so outnumbered them. As women nursed their children for many years, and abstained from marital relations until the child was weaned, the male found it convenient to have a variety of partners to meet his perennial demands. Besides, polygamy produced more children than monogamy; and abundant offspring came as a blessing to a people forever harassed with accident, disease and war.

The Birth of Love

But as war decreased in frequency, and life and health became more secure, the numerical superiority of women was reduced, and monogamy began. It was an advantage to the children, who had now a united care, a concentrated love, and more food to eat since there were fewer mouths to feed. It was an advantage to the man, for it enabled him to centre his bequests, to found a family instead of scattering his wealth, like his seed, among a horde of progeny. He found himself still free to satisfy his variegated appetites in secret, while he could surround his wife's fidelity with all the guards of custom and power, and so secure the transmission of his property to children probably his own.

Above all, and despite this double standard (so rooted in the institution of bequest), monogamy was an advantage to the woman. It solved some part of that problem of jealousy which must have made polygamy a bedlam; it gave woman at least a biological equality with man; and it made it possible for her, from that modest leverage, to move and raise the world.

Slowly woman, who had been made gentle by the brutality of the male, softened his brutality by her gentleness; slowly by her tenderness and her maternal sacrifice she lifted him from his proximity to the brute, and taught him to see

and to seek in her some qualities less tangible and corporeal than those which had lured him to her lair. Gradually upon the physical basis of desire civilization built the frail and precious superstructure of poetical love.

Romantic love became real: youth burst forth at puberty into sonnets and madrigals dripping with sincerity; men knelt to women, bowed to kiss their hands, and loved them for something more than the cosy softness of their flesh. They killed themselves in jousts to win a smile; they created literatures in the ecstasy of their devotion; and gradually they brought all their proud wealth to lay at the feet of frail creatures who had no power over them except through their beauty and their subtlety.

When, in many hearts, desire became devotion rather than possession, and a man, wooing a maid with limitless loyalty, pledged his faith to her through every trial until death, marriage reached the climax of its long development, the zenith of its slow ascent from brutality to love.

Everyone knows that the passage from the farm to the city has revolutionized the institution of marriage. The Industrial Revolution completes itself by industrializing woman—which is called her emancipation. As machinery bred new machines in a perpetually rising flood, and large-scale production with new modes of power cheapened costs, the factory outdid and outbid the home in a hundred occupations which had once varied woman's life.

Bit by bit her old work was stolen from her; one by one the tasks that had made her drudgery slipped away, leaving the house empty of interest, and herself functionless and discontent. It is to woman's credit that she went out of the home into the factory; she sought the work that had gone from her hands. So the home being empty, no longer a place where things were done or life was lived, men and women abandoned it, and began to live in boxes, honeycombs called apartment houses, dormitories for people whose lives, day and evening, were spent outside, in the roar and turmoil of the streets.

Our editors and preachers and statesmen had warned against permitting socialists to destroy the home; and meanwhile, under their eyes, in

Marriage is caught in a current of change —

WILL DURANT WARNS:

free unions will multiply . . .

companionate marriage will be more condoned

— But the lifelong union remains the highest conception of marriage

the very midst of their lives, the impersonal processes of economic change accomplished the tragedy before the moralist could realize where the causes lay. The home might have survived had children filled it with trouble and babble; but the Industrial Revolution had taken them away too. Children, who had been such helps and joys on the spacious farm, were expensive hindrances in the crowded city and the narrow apartment. The world had too many workers; the old-fashioned fertility had to stop, lest men should be always poor, and always ignorant. The coming of machinery had made factories, and factories had made cities, and cities had made democracy, socialism, and birth control.

Freed from the care of offspring, freed therefore from the last task which might have made the home a tolerable and meaningful environment for her, woman proudly took her place beside the man in the shop and the office. She did the same work, thought the same thoughts, spoke the same words, as the man. One by one the new woman took over the habits, good or bad, of the traditional and old-fashioned male; she imitated his cigarettes, his profanity, his agnosticism and his trousers.

The Breakdown of Marriage

For now is the day of the machine, and everything must change. Individual security has lessened even as social security has grown; physical life is safer than it was, but economic life is harassed with a thousand intricacies that make every day a peril.

Youth, which is braver and more conceited than before, is materially helpless and economically ignorant beyond anything in the past. Love comes, and youth, finding its pockets empty, dares not marry; love comes again, more weakly (years have passed) and yet the pockets do not bulge enough for marriage; love comes once more, with half of its early freshness and power (years have passed), and now the pockets are full, and marriage celebrates the death of love.

Year by year as marriage comes later, so separation comes earlier; and fidelity finds few so simple as to do it honor. Soon no man will

go down the hill of life with a woman who has climbed it with him, and a divorceless marriage will be as rare as a maiden bride.

The breakdown of marriage stands out naked and startling before our eyes, challenging every statesman who thinks in generations, and every lover who honors love enough to wish that it might not die so young.

To describe is easy; to prescribe is hard. What can we say that has not been said a thousand times before? What nostrum can we recommend that has not been tried and found wanting? What counsel can we give that will not be an insult to the wounds that we would heal? If we could find a way to restore marriage to its natural age we should at one stroke reduce by half the prostitution, the venereal disease, the fruitless celibacy, and the experimental perversions that stigmatize our contemporary life.

There are many objections to early marriage. First it is useless to offer counsels of perfection; we cannot conquer the economic caution of youth with moral exhortations and real-estate poetry. But it is the parents, not the children, that advise, and financially enforce, delayed marriage. Let us persuade the mistaken parents that by compelling the deferment of marriage they are inviting an endless chain of coarsening substitutes and demoralizing perversions; that wisdom would lie not in making "impediments to the marriage of true minds," but in providing for sons, as well as daughters, a substantial dowry that would balance their economic immaturity and strengthen their courage to face the world. It would be a debt of honor, which the children would repay to the next generation; no one would lose, everyone would gain.

With such assistance even a cautious lad might surrender to the call of love. And any lad, marrying, will find a grain of truth in the old proverb—"God will take care of you"; pride will stiffen his vertebrae, add power to his arm, and persistence to his courage; the compulsion of responsibility will deepen him; marriage will make him a man.

If nothing else will serve, let the little goddess go forth to her daily labors as before, until she envisages

Continued on page 29

"LET'S LOOK AT OUR LIFE"

Under this title a new series of Chatelaine articles will investigate and comment on a broad variety of subjects of fundamental interest to all Canadian women, commencing with this lively survey of marriage by Will Durant. In August and September issues, Chatelaine will present two searching and constructive articles from the forthcoming book, "The Many Lives of Modern Woman."



KELCEY



There he was, being as

bad as he could be.

For a child will do anything

for love—or want of it

BY
MURIEL
SPANIER

"Where you going today, mom?" he'd ask casually, pretending he wan't interested at all.



"Now, see here, young man, what IS the matter?" Her voice sounded angry, but her eyes were soft and warm, and he wasn't afraid of them at all.

GIFTS?—he had them by the dozen! He could write, paint and draw, and in school you'd find him at the head of the class. You wouldn't see grass growing in between his toes, no sir—hey-hey, by-golly. He could do things and he went right ahead and did them. Of course maybe *she* didn't think so. But then so what, who cares? Bang-bang, kill 'em off. What good are mothers anyway?

In the mornings he'd walk into her bedroom. He'd slide along the wall and feel the curtains all soft and silky behind him like the wings of butterflies. And there she'd be, pulling on her stockings, smoothing down her skirt, fussing with her hair.

"Hi, mom," he'd say. "Watch this! Both hands on the floor and I'm on my head." Then he'd climb on her dressing table and sit among the crystal bottles, and the brushes and the little jars of cream. And he'd make faces or funny sounds in his throat or balance the jars on his head until she'd notice him.

"Kelcey, you mustn't bother me, honey," she'd say. "Mother's late to the office even now."

Kelcey! He could murder that name. "Why didn't you call me Jack or Joe Palooka, or the Lone Ranger?" he asked her once. "Why did it have to be Kelcey?"

"Because you're going to be a very important young man one of these days, and Kelcey is a very distinguished name." Then off she went, somewhere, who knows where, he never saw her.

But in the mornings he'd have her to himself. He'd open the door to her bedroom and find her getting dressed, smoothing on her lipstick, straightening her hat. He'd climb up on the bench and stand in front of her so that she couldn't see the mirror.

"Where are you going today, mom?" he'd ask her. And he'd busy himself examining her powder puff, or counting the teeth in her comb and pretend he wasn't much interested at all.

"Kelcey, you know very well where I'm going," she'd say. "Mother's going to the office where she can earn a lot of money with which to buy you nice things. Why do you always ask?" But he'd cross his eyes and make a mean face like the villain on the television mystery shows and wonder—who needs nice things anyway!

His mother worked in a large office. She sat behind a desk almost as big and shiny as their dining room table, and only her little face showed above it. She wore glasses with dark rims

Continued on page 31

She said she'd like to hang it in her office. It was such a beautiful face — just like her



BY ROSEMARY BOXER *Fashion & Beauty Editor*

Picture Yourself in BLACK & WHITE

The world's smartest women have always loved black—and white. This summer the country's top designers put them together in some of the most striking combinations you could imagine. And, of course, you can mix and contrast your own.

You're crisp. You're cool. And as obviously different as white flowers against black velvet, moonlight on dark water, regardless of how many rainbows or fireworks there are around.

There's something so effective about simplicity especially when the rest of the world is blazing away in color.

Besides, black on white (or white on black) are wonderful to accessorize. Try your favorite yellow shortie, or last year's red sailor. Add a pair of black or white cotton shortie gloves and pin a pert petal strategically on your ensemble. It's a standout.

These new designs feature the full and slim silhouettes, trim, nipped waistlines, the scooped-out or demurely collared neckline, trim bodice and brief sleeves.

Glamour-plus-practicability. That's you.



A VERSATILE BLACK pima broadcloth (left) with pert detachable piqué collar. By Murray Bowen. About \$13. Right: A smartie in checked gingham topped by solid black linen. By Minx Mode Jrs. About \$13.



A DAY-IN-DAY-OUT cotton pin stripe with lavish skirt (left). Teena-Paige design. About \$16. Right: A two-piece (or separates) jet moygaschel linen accented by white embroidery. By Nat Gordon. About \$32.

STARK WHITE washable nylon in a straight-line silhouette. Luxurious fullness is controlled by perma-pleats. A late-day dress by Freeman-Stein. About \$20.

Hats by Piko

CHATELAINE—JULY, 1952



PIN DOTS in cotton matelasse (raised woven design giving quilted effect). Interesting side pockets in lavish skirt. By Freeman-Stein. About \$25.

A YOUTHFUL white waffle piqué (right) with embroidered organdie yoke. By Minx Mode Jrs. About \$14. Left: Black birdseye piqué dramatically embroidered with pearl buttons and white straw braid. By Trend Fashions. About \$79.

CHARCOAL DENIM full-circle square-dance skirt. Can be accessorized for casual or dress-up wear. By Fairway. About \$16.

POLKA DOTS in pure silk shantung outlined in black linen. A full-skirted buttoned afternoon dress with cinched-in waistline. By Trend Fashions. About \$65.



Photos by Paul Rockett



my?" Midge called, coming into the living room. "Oh. You're home early. Did you know—"

"Will you listen to this!" Amy yelped from behind her magazine. "Hi. Listen: 'Irene wondered what Aunt Grace had got out of life—after all, she'd never married.' " Amy lowered the magazine and glared at her roommate. "How about that? How do you like that?"

"Well, I wouldn't call it deathless prose," Midge said, dropping her purse on the end table and picking up a cigarette. "Boy, the bus was packed. And there's a—"

"If that isn't the height of something!" Amy snapped, jabbing the page with a red-nailed forefinger. Her blue eyes were snapping, and even the blond bangs bristled with indignation. "What's the big pink idea? She hasn't got a man so she might as well drop dead?"

"Oh simmer down," Midge said. She kicked off her shoes and collapsed in a chair. "We haven't got men. Shall I phone the delicatessen for arsenic? Incidentally—"

"Who writes that tripe?" Amy demanded. "Who's responsible for that drivel? Boy, am I sick of love!"

Midge looked startled. "Hey hey! What's going on here?"

"I'm sick of love," Amy repeated, chucking the magazine across the room. It glanced off the coffee table and fell to the rug in a guilty collapse. "I'm disgusted."

How mixed up can a girl get?

began to wonder

she was

OFF MEN

by Isabel Langis

"I'm hungry," Midge said. "Are you too upset to eat?"

Amy seized a cigarette as though it were an author. "For my money, any girl who can keep her neck out of *that* noose ought to be bragging, not complaining. She ought to get a medal."

"Hah," Midge sneered. "She does. They give her a lavender sachet and a lifetime supply of needlepoint. As I started to tell you—"

"Oh, no," Amy said. "Never a story about a single girl who's single because she *wants* to be single. Only stories about girls prowling the alleys with white pinched faces and butterfly nets—"

"What are you so worked up about?" Midge asked. "Only last Saturday you went dining and dancing with a man. And no disloyalty to the cause, but I wish somebody would dine me tonight. You're sick of love, and I'm sick of scrambled eggs."

"Good grief, you can dine with a man without falling in love with him," Amy said irritably. "A little dancing is fine. It's recreation like—like skiing."

"Sure," Midge said. "Or, in some cases, wrestling."

"But would you trade all—all this—" Amy flung an arm out to embrace the apartment—"for a husband?"

Midge giggled. "You make it sound about as attractive as a free ride on a ducking stool. And to confine my reply to a few well-chosen words, yes."

"Even the ads on buses," Amy cried. "Wear this lipstick and

that hand cream and *he* will adore you. Put a dab of lemon extract behind each ear and your violin teacher will grab you in his puny arms. And songs! Hug me, squeeze me—makes a girl feel like a—a—"

"Tube of toothpaste," Midge supplied. "And just who is this 'he' you're so miffed at?"

"No he," Amy said more calmly. "Just society in general. All this big campaign for love. I just can't see it. After all, what are men?"

Midge laughed. "Why don't you take some time off from your nature walks and fall in love?"

"Nuts," Amy said, elevating her short nose. "My life is complete as it is. I have my home, my job, my—"

"Library card," Midge said. "The way you're headed, you'll find it handy." She crushed out her cigarette. "Whatever happened to that Rod who used to be lurking around here with flowers and bags of groceries? Didn't you like him?"

"He was a lamb," Amy said. "But he wanted me to give up my job and marry him."

"You were lucky," Midge said. "My men want me to keep my job so they can give up theirs. Who else went to the guillotine? Andy. He was cute. What happened to him?"

"Andy Weatherwax," Amy said, and

Continued on page 50

Even Amy herself

when she found



"Would you trade all—
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Illustrated by Hedley Rainnie



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Continued on page 50

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Illustrated by Hedley Rainnie



THE TOAST OF LONDON— AT \$2 A WEEK

*You'll find yourself stagestruck all over again at this story
of a shy, skinny kid from Saskatchewan, who found stardom
at 21 but is still waiting for the champagne and caviar*

BY LAWRENCE EARL

Edinburgh acclaimed her for holding her own with Gielgud and Flora Robson in Winter's Tale.



Photo by Peter Croydon

LONDON—Ten thousand men and women in and around the teeming square mile of London's West End belong to that legendarily gay, glamorous, rewarding, romantic and not-quite-respectable profession—acting. Fewer than half of them have jobs at any given time and less than a tenth of these make more than a bare living wage.

The case of Frances Jean Hyland, a slight, alert-looking twenty-three-year-old from Regina, who is just two years out of dramatic school, is therefore both odd and enviable.

Barely five-feet-two and under a hundred pounds, she seems offstage to lack the presence to command an audience. Although she is pleasant to look at with a small nose, a wide forehead, high cheekbones, a long jawline and what she calls "brown-verging-on-blond hair and hazel-verging-on-green eyes," she does not have the classic and breath-taking beauty of a Vivien Leigh. Yet in her first two years of professional acting Miss Hyland has never been out of work and the roles she has played would draw tears of bitter envy from many more mature actresses.

Regina's Hyland lass won her first professional stage part when she was barely graduated from London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. This was the juicy role of Stella in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, starring Vivien Leigh and Canadian Bernard Braden—a piece of theatrical good fortune equivalent to winning second prize in the Irish Sweepstakes.

From *Streetcar*, a year later, Frances moved straight into *The Winter's Tale*, alongside such theatre greats as John Gielgud, Diana Wynyard and Flora Robson. And before that ended she was auditioned and signed for her most important role to date in a powerful new drama called *The Same Sky*, in which she plays the part of a Jewish girl who marries a gentile boy against her father's wishes.

Such marked and early success has already brought Frances Hyland some heady whiffs of fame. "Shows promise of a glittering future," predicted one London critic when she opened in *Streetcar*; and a Canadian newspaperman cabled home a story about finding her next morning "relaxing over breakfast in bed in her luxurious West End flat."

Boiled Egg à la Hotplate

When the reporter telephoned, the new toast of London was actually sitting up in bed eating a boiled egg in a rented room which she recalls as resembling a shoebox lined with mud-brown wallpaper. This and the fact her success was bringing her exactly twenty-eight dollars a week at the time prevented Frances Hyland from being swept away by her own press notices.

Even now in her second year under "scholarship contract" to H. M. Tennant, Ltd., London's most important theatrical producers, she draws only forty-two dollars weekly, a sum which buys very little champagne and caviar. She has moved to a one-room furnished apartment in Kensington, a fashionable district; but she pays only twelve dollars a week because her window looks out over railway tracks, and she bootlegs her boiled egg on a hotplate because the twelve



Frances Hyland played a lead with Vivien Leigh in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, straight out of dramatic school.

dollars is not supposed to cover "cooking privileges."

By Hollywood's dollar-studded standards this vision of success may seem curiously unrewarding, unless you appreciate how Frances Hyland has achieved such prominence while still serving her apprenticeship. Certainly the girl who studied and rehearsed and acted and auditioned her way from a prairie drama festival to London's West End is in no doubt about her own good fortune. And the story of how she did it is a heartwarming one for the thousands of ambitious amateurs in high school play groups and little theatres across her homeland who would give anything to follow her footsteps.

The odds are brutally discouraging. A thousand stagestruck youngsters a year pour into London. According to one estimate the number of Canadians alone seeking glory on the English stage, screen, radio and television, currently touches four hundred—an all-time high.

Of all these not more than five or six will ever find stardom—but the sensitive and piquant Frances Hyland is one whose young and shining star will keep the other hopefuls queuing up for every new audition.

Her star began to rise early. At fourteen she demonstrated "an already developed natural technique and emotional power" which won her the "best actress" award at a high school drama festival, held in Regina's Darke Hall. Frances was born in Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, in 1928, but twelve years later moved to Regina—a shy, skinny undersized girl who blinked shortsightedly behind a pair of pink-rimmed spectacles. It was her mother, Mrs. Jessie Hyland, who determined to broaden her interests beyond the books she constantly read and sent her to Mrs. Ellen Burgess to study dramatics.

"I went under protest," Frances recalls. "Two weeks later you couldn't have dragged me away."

The adjudicator who pronounced her best actress (she won the title again the following year) was Professor Emrys Jones of Edmonton who later founded a course in drama at the University of Saskatchewan, at Saskatoon. Frances took two years of this and after graduating in 1947 returned for postgrad work with Jones who had become her guiding angel.

A Chatelaine Career Story

It was Jones who got the IODE, Regina's Little Theatre and Princess Patricia Club to help finance further studies in Britain. Then he convinced the august Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in distant London that it should authorize a remote-control entry examination.

The examiner was to be British actor Robert Speaight who was due in Ottawa to judge the Dominion Drama Festival in April 1948. Pale and queasy after a train journey which included twenty-four uneasy hours hold-up in a bad flood at Winnipeg, Frances Hyland presented herself before the imposing entrance of Rideau Hall, where Speaight was a house guest of then Governor-General Alexander.

Speaight met her at the front door. Still in his dressing gown and nibbling the remains of his breakfast, he said, "Come in, come in. So you've traveled all the way from Regina practically through fire and flood!" After talking for some time of Canadian drama he said: "Well, I suppose we'd better get on with this audition."

Frances recited a passage from *Twelfth Night*, and another bit from Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, after which Speaight slipped easily back into their discussion

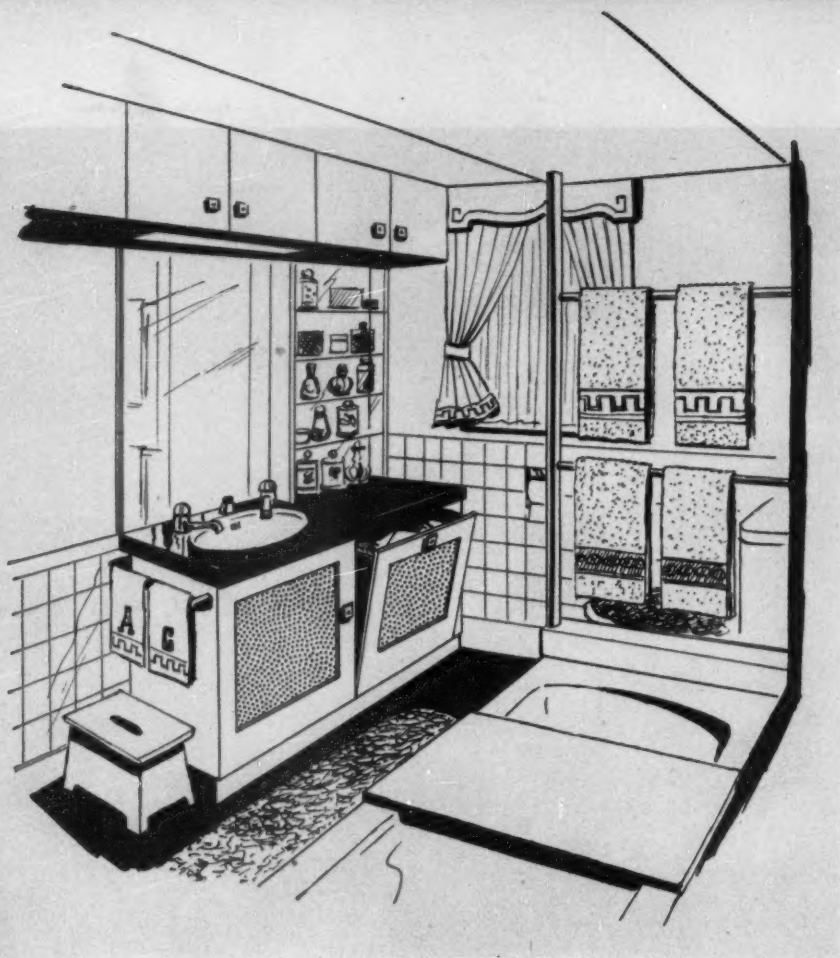
Continued on page 41

BATHROOMS

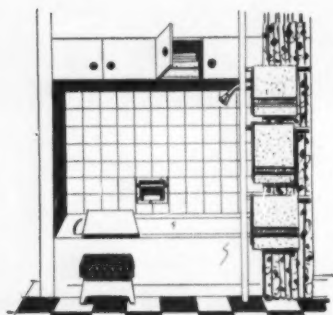
Two important rooms are often

LESSON 3 IN CHATELAINE'S

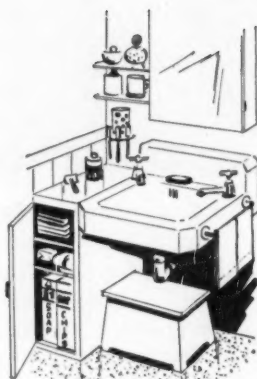
BY CATHERINE FRASER



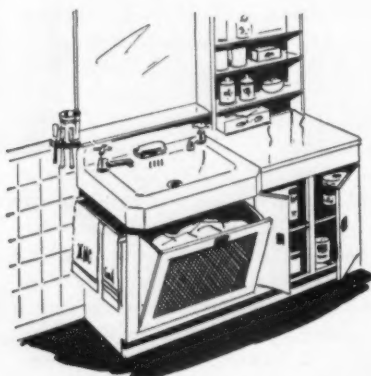
Smallest bathroom has space for overhead cupboards, for towels, toiletries; and basin cabinet enclosing laundry bin and soaps. Bathboard provides place to dry baby.



Towel ladders should be close to tub. Sliding bathboard becomes beauty tray when mother takes her bath.

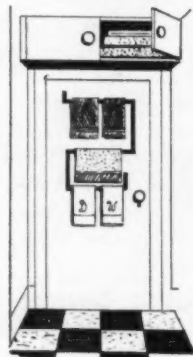


Cupboard fills wasted corner. Shoebox helps youngsters reach basin, adults reach overhead cupboards.



Using space under basin for laundry bin won't interfere with pipes. Mount rack for hand towels on cabinet, or stick suction-cup type right on basin.

Novel towel ladder goes best on door; or you can run a series of towel racks up the door.



The two smallest rooms in the thousands of compact, economy-sized homes built across Canada these past few years are usually the kitchen and bathroom. Yet these are two of the most important workrooms in the home. In them the housewife spends a great part of her time, cooking and serving meals, baking and preserving, bathing baby, scrubbing older ears, rinsing out underwear and stockings between laundry days — only too seldom having time to relax in a steaming hot tub herself.

Thousands of other families live in old-style, outsize homes hopefully remodeled to modern needs, perhaps for several families. Kitchens and bathrooms bloom where none was before, fitted into available but not always convenient space.

So these two most important rooms are also the real problem rooms in many homes. And to find out just what those problems are, in order to seek proper solutions for them, in preparing Lesson 3 of Chatelaine's Home Decorating Course we went calling.

We visited a large number of homes, poking into kitchens and bathrooms of all shapes and sizes as frustrated housewives exclaimed: "How can anybody eat breakfast in that corner!" and "If there were only room for a basinette!"

BATHROOMS

The modern bathroom too often consists of a tub, basin and toilet packed into the smallest possible space with scarcely room left for a mirror-fronted medicine cabinet. Yet by making use of the space you forget is there, you can find a spot in almost any bathroom to store your towels in overhead cupboards, and find room for soaps and a laundry bin in built-in basin cabinets.

Similarly, the towel ladders shown in the sketches at left will double or triple your rack space for bath towels. They are just the thing to make good use of those odd corners in old-fashioned bathrooms, too. But keep them close to the tub, and the lower rungs within children's reach. (Rungs may be of wood, glass or chrome.) Or instead of allowing a single towel rack to have a door all to itself, make a ladder of three racks one above the other.

Chatelaine housekeepers who complained "There's no proper place to bathe and dry baby," started us thinking about the bathboard illustrated—and soon the whole family wanted to use it. About eighteen inches wide, the board fits right over the top of the tub, cleated underneath to keep it from slipping from side to side. But you can slide it back and forth along the tub as needed.

BATHROOMS continued on page 50

& KITCHENS

the smallest rooms you have

HOME DECORATING COURSE

Chatelaine's Home Decorating Consultant

We picked up useful ideas in these homes we visited, too. We talked to carpenters and hardware store operators and suppliers, looking for new gadgets and devices. And here we have assembled practical suggestions for increasing the usefulness of these two important rooms — along with ideas for decorating kitchens and bathrooms for the most pleasing and appropriate effect.

If you have been following Chatelaine's Home Decorating Course from the start, you will already have begun to turn a large scrapbook into your own Home Decorating Guidebook, filling in sections on the fundamentals of decorating (use of color; wall and floor treatments, etc.) and on making the most of small bedrooms. (If you haven't, see instructions on page 54 for obtaining previous issues containing Lessons 1 and 2.)

The sketches and written material in this "twin treatment" on kitchens and bathrooms have been so laid out that you can clip and enter them separately in two new sections in your Home Decorating Guidebook, which you can begin now. Leave pages in each section to list the particular needs and problems of your own rooms, paste in ideas clipped from advertisements and other sources and enter ideas you see yourself in friends' homes.

KITCHENS

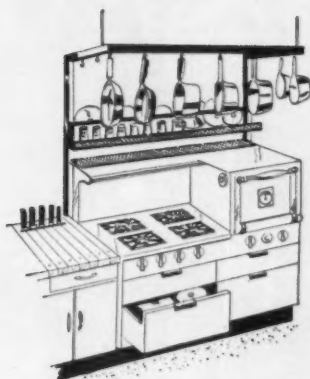
Your kitchen is a workroom. Here you must have space and facilities for cooking and baking; for storing food, utensils and china; perhaps also for washing and ironing; and—if space permits—for eating.

But while it should be clean and efficient a kitchen doesn't have to have that white and sterile operating-room look. It can have warmth and atmosphere, too.

The kitchen sketched at the right—and you can apply the ideas it offers according to need and space in any kitchen—tells its own story of food carefully prepared and artfully flavored. Its best decorations are its own seasonings and utensils, in plain view and easy reach.

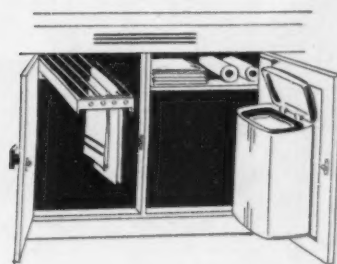
This kitchen could have soft grey-green walls (kitchens get warmer than any other room so be temperate with your colors), with matching plywood window frame and Venetian blinds—the kind with washable plastic slats and tapes. The ceiling would be plaid in darker green, grey, coral and yellow; and the plastic stool cushions slip-covered in coral, white and yellow. The linoleum floor, based on a French-Canadian splatter design, is charming and practical—toast crumbs vanish on it. And if you have an old but sound linoleum, you can "splatter" your own.

KITCHENS continued on page 37



Chef's overhead rack holds pots and pans in easy reach. Old-style stove, its legs removed, sits on built-in storage drawers.

You can buy garbage tin to hang on door beneath sink, or adapt present one. Chain makes lid rise as door opens.



Sloping front turns any cupboard-and-counter space into a "bake and breakfast spot." Raise bakeboard and you shut up shop.

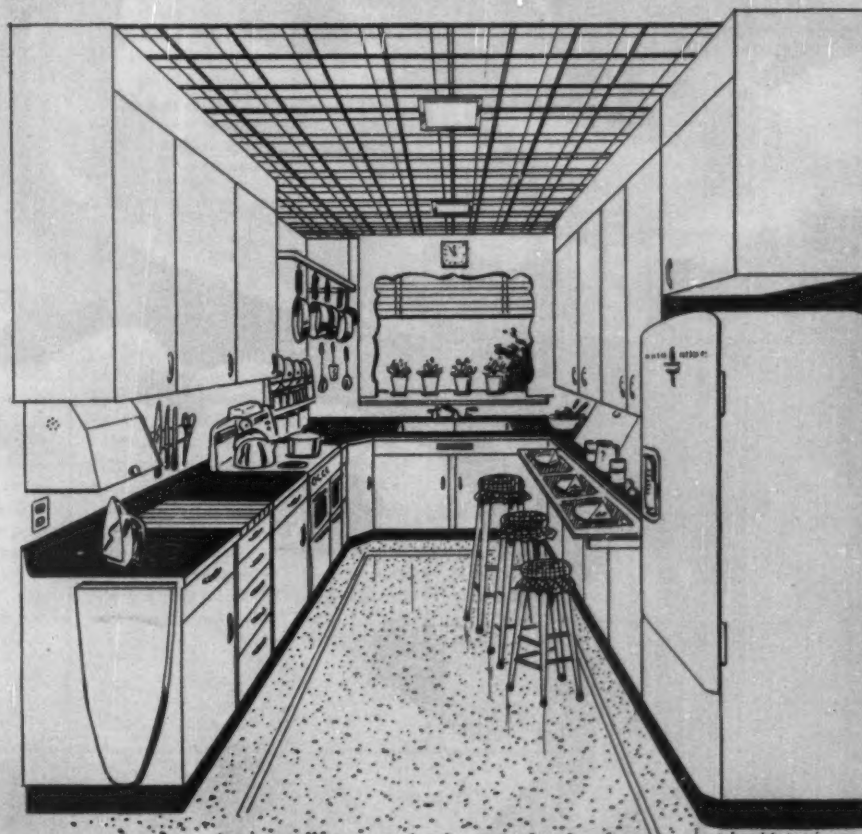


If kitchen door is a few inches from a corner use waste space behind it for glassware cupboard.



Making the most of a narrow kitchen: The "bake and breakfast spot," with front closed and slide counter out, is set for three. Hinged ironing board takes slip-on cover that pulls back over counter.

Illustrated by Walter Coucill



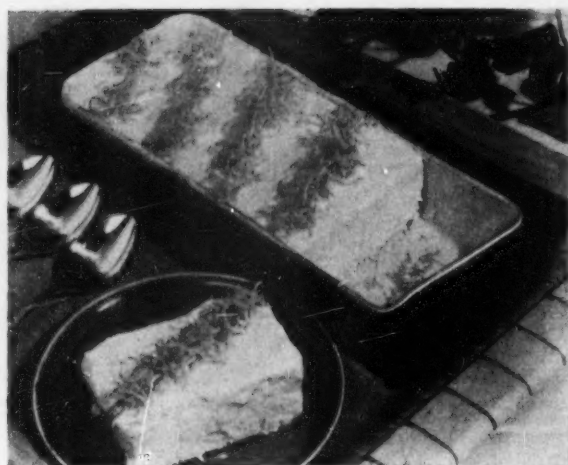


DAY FOR JULY-AUGUST MEALS

School's Out—so how about you taking it easy too, while the Institute plans 62 wonderful summer menus for the family

BY MARIE HOLMES, Director, Chatelaine Institute

| | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| <p>JULY 1</p> <p>Hearty Sandwiches Picnic Wise</p> <p>Outdoors or indoors, this first summer holiday calls for a picnic meal. How about hearty Cuban sandwiches, each a meal in itself? Cut slim long sticks of crusty French bread in 5 to 6-inch pieces. Slice through lengthwise. Spread each cut side with butter and a sweet pickle relish. For filling use sliced cold meat or chicken, a slice of cheese and thinly sliced dill pickle. Put together and press firmly. Wrap each in waxed paper. Crispy relishes, fresh fruit, cookies or cake complete the meal. Coffee or tea from the thermos, of course, and milk for the children. An interesting item for a porch supper. See our photograph opposite.</p> | <p>JULY 2</p> <p>Seasonal Dessert</p> <p>Cherries are ripe and ready for luscious desserts like this one. It's called Cherry Almond Two-in-One Pudding (sauce and pudding are baked together). Grease a 1½ quart casserole. In mixing bowl combine 1½ cups tea biscuit mix, 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 cup pitted fresh cherries. Add slowly ½ cup milk. Turn into casserole. Sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped blanched almonds. Combine 1 cup brown sugar, 1½ cups boiling water and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Pour over pudding batter. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot. (Makes 4 to 6 servings.)</p> | <p>JULY 3</p> <p>Handsome Dessert Salad</p> <p>Fruit and cheese are a congenial two-some and handsome too. Glance at our peach sailboats afloat a sea of cottage cheese. Arrange a bed of leaf lettuce on a platter. Cover with cottage cheese. Fill hollows of peach halves with cheese. "Rig the sail" with a triangle of green pepper ringed with a strip of pimento. Place peach boats around platter. For extra sparkle and good eating fill the centre of platter with a molded jelly (cherry, raspberry or lime). This makes a fine combination salad and dessert, just right to finish off a hearty main course.</p> | <p>JULY 4</p> <p>One Hot, Hearty Dish</p> <p>There's no trick to preparing the rest of the meal if you serve one hot dish.</p> <p>Beef Jamboree</p> <p>1 pound minced beef; 1 onion, chopped; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 can peas; 1 cup diced celery; 1 can mushroom soup; 1/3 cup milk; 2 cups potato chips.</p> <p>Brown meat and onion in a little hot fat in frying pan. Add salt and a little pepper. In a 1½ quart casserole alternate layers of meat, peas and celery. Pour mushroom soup mixed with milk over the top. Top with potato chips. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serves 4.</p> |
| <p>JULY 5</p> <p>Summery Pie</p> <p>As cool and refreshing as it looks in the picture opposite is our Lime Pineapple Pie—no cooking required. To make the crust: Combine 1½ cups graham cracker crumbs with 3 tablespoons sugar and ½ cup melted butter or margarine. Mix well, then pack into greased 9-inch pie plate. Chill.</p> <p>To make filling: Partially freeze 1½ cups evaporated milk. Dissolve 1 lime jelly powder in ½ cup boiling water. Add ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice. When partially set fold in the evaporated milk whipped and 1 teaspoon lemon rind. Beat together until stiff. Pile into crust, garnish with fruit and chill.</p> | <p>JULY 6</p> <p>Cool Beverage</p> <p>Thirst quenchers are a welcome sight on a blistering day. They can be quite exotic, though very simply put together. Take our Frosted Orange Punch pictured on the opposite page. It's made in a jiffy if the ingredients are on hand in your refrigerator: Add water to frozen orange juice as directed on can. Stir in 3 tablespoons frozen lemonade. Pour into glasses, filling ½ full. Add 2 ice cubes and fill to top with ginger ale or soda water. Garnish glasses with half orange slices and cherries secured with toothpicks—or if you can get them—tiny umbrellas! This amount will serve 6.</p> | <p>JULY 7</p> <p>Leftover Treat</p> <p>Never forget one of your best hot-weather friends—the canned foods shelf. From it can come the all-important ingredient for a leftover dish. Here's a recipe you'll find adaptable to a variety of meat leftovers. Make 2 cups medium white sauce, stirring in ¼ teaspoon dry mustard with the flour. To hot sauce add few drops Worcestershire Sauce, 1 cup cooked ham, veal or chicken, 2 cups drained canned peas (a few sliced stuffed olives make it special). Heat thoroughly. Serve in pastry shells or over toast or hot biscuits. (Makes 6 servings.)</p> | <p>JULY 8</p> <p>Ready for Salads</p> <p>Quick as a flash you can toss a green salad together with fresh-from-the-garden vegetables if you have this dressing ready in the refrigerator:</p> <p>Tomato French Dressing</p> <p>3 tablespoons sugar; 2 teaspoons dry mustard; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 can condensed tomato soup; ½ cup salad oil; ½ cup vinegar; 2 tablespoons minced onion.</p> <p>Combine dry ingredients in quart jar. Add remaining ingredients and shake well. Store in refrigerator until needed. Shake before using. For extra flavor add a dash of celery salt or garlic salt.</p> |
| <p>JULY 9</p> <p>Quick Dinner</p> <p>Dinner to get and you're limp with the heat? Here's how with a minimum of effort. Brown in frying pan ½ pound minced beef and 2 onions, chopped. Add 1 cup water, 1 can condensed vegetable soup. Simmer for 10 minutes. Pour over hot canned spaghetti or hot quick-cooked rice. Serve with crunchy rolls, a salad of cottage cheese and sliced oranges.</p> | <p>JULY 10</p> <p>Easy Lunch</p> <p>One of the favorite standbys for quick and easy luncheons or suppers is Welsh Rarebit (or Rabbit). Arrange slices of peeled tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, crispy bacon or cold ham on golden brown toast. Cover all with a Rich Cheese Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons butter in top of double boiler. Add 2 tablespoons flour and mix until smooth. Gradually pour in 1 cup milk. Cook stirring constantly until thickened. Add 1 cup grated or finely chopped processed cheese. Stir gently until melted. Season with salt and pepper if desired.</p> | <p>JULY 11</p> <p>Knife and Fork Sandwich</p> <p>It's a tower of flavors that blend to perfection. Made in layers it's a hurry-up meal-in-one for family lunch and spectacular enough for guests.</p> <p>On a large round slice of rye bread place a piece of lettuce, then a slice of ham or luncheon meat, another leaf of lettuce and on top a slice of Swiss Cheese. Finish off with a slice of tomato and a slice of cucumber. Pour Thousand Island dressing over all. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives. You eat this one with a knife and fork!</p> | <p>JULY 12</p> <p>Raspberries for Salad</p> <p>Nothing like the flavor of fresh raspberries just plain with sugar and cream. But for a change use them for this dessert salad: Cut 16 marshmallows into small pieces (with scissors). Add 3 tablespoons fresh raspberry juice and let stand for a couple of hours. Then blend in 2 cartons cottage cheese, ¼ cup whipped cream, ¼ cup toasted coconut. Serve in a bowl centred on a large round tray. Surround with canned pear halves filled with fresh berries, garnished with sprigs of watercress. Delicious served with nut bread or raisin bread sandwiches. Makes enough for 12 delighted guests.</p> |



Left — Your freezer tray helps out with this refreshing Lemon Coconut ice cream. See Aug. 1st. on our Keep Cool Calendar.



Right — Assorted cold meats, stuffed eggs and salad are inviting for a buffet meal, easy for the hostess. See July 27.

JULY 13

Old Favorites New Way for Dinner

Bring out the tea biscuit mix again. (It's a real time-saver for summer meals.) Use it for Cheese and Bacon Hideouts that are made this way: Fry 8 slices of side bacon until crisp. Make a tea biscuit dough using $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups mix. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead gently for 30 seconds. Roll into rectangle (16 x 8 and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick). Cut into 8 (4-inch) squares. On each square place 1 thin slice of cheese and 1 slice bacon. Fold over and seal edge. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 12 minutes. Serve with hot tomato sauce. Serves 4.

JULY 14

Handy Tomato Sauce

Just right for meatballs or our Cheese and Bacon Hideouts is this quickly made sauce. Brown 2 tablespoons chopped onion in 2 tablespoons bacon drippings. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour, a dash of salt and pepper. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: To this sauce you can add minced leftover pork or beef. Serve over rice, spaghetti, hot biscuits or toast.

JULY 15

Cottage Dinner

Don't let the scarcity of fresh meat faze you. A good dinner is in store if you turn to your emergency shelf. On it you should have some canned corned beef or tongue. Serve it sliced with mustard relish, cheese-creamed potatoes, fresh or canned green beans and fruit shortcake. For the cheese potatoes add diced cooked potatoes to a rich cheese sauce. Reheat over hot water. Use tea biscuit mix for shortcake, chopping into it 2 tablespoons butter or margarine before adding the liquid. Fruit may be canned or fresh and if whipping cream is not handy make your creamy topping with whipped dry milk powder or evaporated milk.

JULY 16

Creamy Dessert Toppings

To add more zest to your summertime puddings and shortcakes, yet keep calories at a minimum, use whipped milk toppings. They are fluffy, smooth and not too rich. At home or at the cottage you can make one any time provided you have a package of skimmed milk powder or whole milk powder. This is how—put $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water and 2 teaspoons lemon juice in a deep bowl. Chill well. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{4}$ cup skim milk powder or whole milk powder over liquid. Beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until stiff. Gradually beat in 4 teaspoons sugar. Chill and use as you would whipped cream.

JULY 17

In Place of Ice Cream

The children will love it and grownups, too. You'll favor it because it's a dessert that's quickly put together. To 2 cups cold cooked rice add 1 cup drained crushed pineapple and 1 tablespoon sugar. Fold in the full quantity of the whipped milk topping (see July 16). Pile in sherbet glasses and garnish with maraschino cherries. Chill before serving. Ideal for dessert any summer day, particularly if it follows soup and salad main course.

JULY 18

Lemon Bars (no baking)

To serve with milk shakes, a cup of tea, or a cool beverage you will welcome these bars that come from the refrigerator rather than from the oven:

To 1 can sweetened condensed milk add the juice and grated rind of 2 lemons. Add a dash of salt, then mix and stir well with a fork. Line bottom of an 8 x 12 inch pan with whole graham crackers placed close together. Spread with the lemon filling. Cover with another layer of graham crackers. Ice with a thin butter icing if desired. Place in refrigerator. Before serving cut in bars.

JULY 19

Pretty Snacks

Inviting on the plate and fine eating too are these between-meal snacks: Spread graham crackers or crispy soda crackers with a mixture of fresh cream cheese moistened with cream and flavored with grated orange rind. To 1 package cream cheese add 2 tablespoons cream, beating together until smooth. Stir in 2 teaspoons grated orange rind. In the centre of each cracker place one or two raspberries or a maraschino cherry. Garnish with parsley, watercress or mint leaves.

JULY 20

Sunday Summer Treat

While raspberries last feature them often in a variety of ways. A Raspberry Marlow made the day before simplifies Sunday's dessert and will bring cheers from your family and guests. First, partially freeze 1 cup of evaporated milk. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ pound marshmallows (about 26) in top of double boiler. Cut in pieces to hasten melting. Mash 1 pint raspberries, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and add to melted marshmallows. Chill. Whip chilled evaporated milk and add raspberry mixture. Beat together. Pour into 2 freezer trays and freeze. Serve with fresh whole berries.

JULY 21

For Supper or Lunch

Surprise your family with this never-fail soufflé. Beat 1 can condensed mushroom soup over boiling water. Add 1 cup coarsely grated cheddar cheese, stir gently until cheese is melted. Beat 6 egg yolks slightly. Add the hot mixture slowly stirring constantly. Allow to cool. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff and fold into cooled first mixture. Pour into an ungreased 2 quart casserole. Bake at 300 deg. F. for 1 to $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours or until soufflé is golden brown and firm in the centre.

Note: To vary recipe use either cream of celery or cream of chicken soup instead of the mushroom.

JULY 22

Party-Looking Dessert

Just 3 ingredients and your refrigerator are needed for this popular dessert. We call it Fruit Dream but it's real and plenty delicious. Drain one large can of fruit salad very thoroughly. (The juice can be saved for a fruit beverage later.) Cut 16 marshmallows into quarters (with scissors) and combine with fruit. Stir in lightly $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream. Pile into serving dishes and chill. You can buy sour cream at your dairy.

JULY 23

Cold Meats Tricks

Cold meats from the butcher or from a can need not be served cold. Often they can add heartiness to a hot main dish. Here are 2 ideas. First, add diced bologna or luncheon meat to a macaroni and cheese casserole. Second, add any diced cold meat to a well-seasoned cream sauce, along with lightly fried mushrooms and green pepper. Serve over toast or cooked rice.

JULY 24

Jiffy Rice for Variety

It's fun to be different with food and particularly appealing to the cook if the "difference" means less work. That's why we suggest rice instead of potatoes for a change. Several kinds of rice on the market now are precooked—all you need to do is give them a minute or so in boiling water. Directions on the package give the details. With plain hot cooked rice you serve leftover meat in its own gravy, or a cheese sauce, topped with bacon.

Continued on page 24

CAMPBELL'S SOUP is so GOOD!

...so easy on your budget, too!



A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf

When four are extra hungry
This meal is packed with nourishment and is a real budget helper. Each dish has downright goodness.

Campbell's Clam Chowder
Hearty and seaworthy
Macaroni and Cheese Tomato Salad

Luxury for a little

Chicken has that "Sunday Special" place in people's minds. So plan this menu as a weekly surprise.

Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
Rich and smooth
Deviled Eggs and Asparagus Salad
Cheese Rolls Coffee

More, for less, for supper

Since the whole family adores tomato soup, let the menu grow around it, and it will please your piggy bank.

Campbell's Tomato Soup
Tangy and colorful
Corned Beef Hash Fruit Salad



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

BY ANNE MARSHALL

PIPING HOT bowls of soup, with their clouds of fragrant goodness can be the main attraction of most every lunch or supper. For soup is colorful and appetizing—flavorful and satisfying.

It's easy to make Campbell's Soup the heart of a meal. There are so many kinds to choose from: savory and hearty . . . rich and cream-smooth . . . deep-flavored with vegetables, chicken or meat. Just start your meal-thinking with Campbell's Soup . . . then round out your menu with a salad and sandwich or a salad and "warmed over" dish.

You can sit down to such a meal with a smile. It's the simplest thing in the world to prepare. It takes only four minutes from Soup Shelf to table.

Campbell's Soup is also one of the better budget balancers and costs less today than most other main dishes. And some soups like Campbell's Tomato and Cream of Mushroom—used as a cooking sauce—"lift" and stretch mere leftovers into delicious, low cost casseroles and creamed dishes.

I don't know of any better way of pleasing a family and making a budget happy than serving Campbell's Soup often.

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

Jam made this Way is Delicious... Firm... Sparkling



Turns Out Right With

Certo

QUICK, EASY

SHORT-BOIL RECIPES
GIVE YOU 50% MORE
FROM YOUR FRUIT

Making jams and jellies with Certo is so quick... so sure. A batch takes only 15 minutes from the time your fruit is prepared. It's the easy way, too, because Certo is a highly Concentrated fruit pectin product—the natural jelling substance extracted from fruit.

With Certo you don't boil down your juice... you use only a **ONE-MINUTE** full, rolling boil. So you average 50% more jam or jelly and keep the lovely fresh-fruit taste and color. There's a separate Certo recipe for each kind of fruit... no guesswork! Follow the simple directions carefully and your success is sure.

You'll be
proud to say
"I MADE IT"

Take your Pick

LIQUID OR CRYSTALS

Certo in either form gives
equally good results



A Product
of General Foods



RECIPE BOOKLET under the label of every bottle and in every package. Each type has special recipes which must be followed. They are not interchangeable.

Continued from page 22

JULY 25

Fish from a Can

Salmon's full of flavor as it comes from the can so use it with rice for a Friday Casserole. Combine a half-pound tin with 3 cups cooked rice, a can of condensed cream of celery soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and 2 hard-cooked eggs chopped. Turn into a greased casserole and bake for 25 minutes at 350 deg. F. As an accompaniment—cucumber and cabbage salad. For dessert, lemon coconut tarts.

JULY 26

Lemon Tarts, Modern Version

The way modern packaged mixes come to the aid of the busy homemaker never ceases to surprise us. Tarts of flaky pastry filled with "just right" lemon filling are favorites, and now you can turn them out in such short order. Make your tart shells with a ready pie crust mix. Cut rolled pastry into circles slightly larger than tart pans or muffin pans. Fit over pans and prick. Bake at 475 deg. F. 8 to 10 minutes. Prepare filling from directions on package of prepared lemon pie filling and when cool pour into the baked tart shells. Top with meringue and if desired sprinkle meringue with shredded coconut. Bake meringue as directed on pie filling package. Note: $\frac{1}{2}$ package pie crust mix will make 6 to 8 dessert-size tart shells.

JULY 27

Buffet for Summer Entertaining

A buffet supper planned around cold cuts makes the easiest kind of summer entertaining. Choose a variety of cold cuts varying in shape, texture and flavor. Arrange on a platter or tray with stuffed eggs and radish roses. Complete the menu with sliced French and rye bread, cabbage slaw, sliced cheese and fresh raspberry turnovers or tarts. Pickles and relishes are a good addition to the cold meat tray.

JULY 28

Ready for Quick Biscuits

There's a long week end ahead so stock up with a good supply of quick mixes. If you like to make your own tea biscuit mix here are the ingredients: Sift together 8 cups sifted flour, 4 tablespoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons salt. Add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups shortening cut in small pieces. Blend together with pastry blender until mixture is mealy. Store in large jars or covered container in refrigerator. When needed all you have to do is add milk to make a stiff dough.

JULY 29

No Effort Rolls

Yeast rolls hot from the oven make any meal something special. But come summer you don't want to stay in the kitchen long enough to make yeast rolls "from scratch." Do you know you can buy rolls ready to bake at a moment's notice? Get them from your store, put them in your refrigerator and they'll stay fresh for several weeks—or if you have a freezer shelf put the rolls in there. They'll keep for months! When you're ready to serve them place rolls in a greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven for 12 minutes.

JULY 30

Salad Accompaniment

These ready-to-bake rolls (July 29) can be varied to suit many occasions.

For example, with a hearty salad bowl serve them as Bacon Cheese Rolls. Place 12 rolls in a greased pan. Brush butter over top of each. Make a lengthwise cut in top of each. Into each cut insert a teaspoon of this mixture: 4 tablespoons snappy cheese spread and 2 tablespoons chopped cooked bacon. Bake at 400 deg. F. for 12 minutes. Serve at once.

JULY 31

Molded Vegetables

Vegetables molded in gelatine are always attractive, even more so when they come from the refrigerator on a hot day. With company coming for the week end, plan to have this "quickie" ready: Prepare a lemon- or lime-flavored jelly powder as directed on package, substituting $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar for part of the liquid. Add salt, pepper and a little onion juice. When slightly thickened fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely shredded cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated carrot and 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper. Chill in one large mold or individual molds. Turn out on lettuce and garnish with stuffed olives and mayonnaise.

AUGUST 1

Refrigerator Ice Cream

Ready for an economical week-end dessert—a tray of coconut ice cream you can take from your refrigerator.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup evaporated milk; $1\frac{1}{3}$ cup granulated sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light corn syrup; 1 egg, well beaten; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice; 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut.

Pour evaporated milk into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator and chill until ice crystals form around the edges. Meanwhile, add sugar and corn syrup gradually to egg, beating thoroughly. Turn milk into chilled bowl and beat rapidly until milk thickens and holds its shape. Beat in lemon juice, lemon rind, and egg mixture. Fold in coconut and turn into freezing tray. Freeze until firm. Serve topped with coconut.

AUGUST 2

Novel Garden Snacks

For garden snacks try some cornucopias made with sliced bologna. Cut to the centre of each slice of bologna. Fold into cone or cornucopia shape. Fasten with colored toothpick. Fill cornucopias with a mixture of cream cheese and relish spread. Wrap and store in refrigerator for several hours before serving. Attractive to serve with assorted sandwiches and a cool beverage.

AUGUST 3

Outdoor Stew

Here's a "he-man" dish for those outdoor appetites. Partially cook a beef stew at home and carry to the scene of the picnic, add the vegetables and simmer over the open fire. Before you leave for the outing have 2 pounds of beef chuck, flank, neck, brisket, or heel of round cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2-inch cubes. Dredge these in flour and brown in hot lard. Season, cover with water, and simmer for about an hour. After you get to the picnic, add 6 small potatoes, 6 small carrots, and 6 small onions and cook until done (about 45 minutes). For accompaniment serve cabbage wedges and tomatoes and for dessert a blueberry or apple pie.

Twin Coolers!



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Fresh California Sunkist Lemons

AUGUST 4

Double Quick Meat Pie

With little effort you can win a big applause if your dinner centres around a meat pie. It's fine for city or cottage kitchens if you make it this way. Cut up meat from a can of beefsteak and onions. Combine it with its own gravy, 1 can of beef vegetable soup, 1 cup drained canned peas, 1 cup canned corn kernels and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Turn into a wide shallow casserole dish. With quick tea-biscuit-mix dough, cut out biscuits with a doughnut cutter, removing the "holes." Place on top of meat mixture. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 20 to 25 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Fill centres of biscuits with drained peas and corn or with parsley sprigs. Serves 4.

AUGUST 5

Broiled Lunch Sandwiches

Impressive for all their simplicity are sandwiches from the broiler. They're one good answer to the ever-present question of what to serve for lunch. Lightly toast $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch-thick slices of bread. On each place a slice of pineapple. Top with ready-sliced cheese and partially cooked bacon strips. Place about 5 inches under broiler heat and bake until cheese is melted. Serve with tomato wedges and watercress.

AUGUST 6

The Broiler for Dinner

When a hot dinner's a must why not cook it under the speedy heat of the broiler? Cook it this way: Arrange lamb chops on broiler rack, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cut partially cooked potatoes in thick strips. Place on broiler with chops. Brush with dripping. Put 4 inches under broiler for 5 minutes. Remove pan, turn chops, season and place small spoonful of mint jelly on each and a little orange rind. Turn potatoes. Arrange tomato and peach halves, cut side up on rack. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Put canned limas underneath in broiler pan. Return to broiler and cook until all are lightly browned (8 to 10 minutes).

AUGUST 7

Take-it-easy Supper

When your pep is scarce but your family's appetite is keen, here's a supper dish you can rely on! Combine 2 cans baked beans, 6 wieners sliced; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chili sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion. Pour into shallow bake dish. Top with thin strips side bacon. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes or until bacon is crisp. Serve with cabbage, carrot and raisin salad, blueberries and cookies for dessert.

AUGUST 8

Keep-well Cake

Nothing like a homemade cake ready for the week end.

Applesauce Nut Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening; 1 cup brown sugar; 1 cup canned apple sauce; $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted pastry flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 2 teaspoons baking powder; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg; 1 cup chopped walnuts (or raisins).

Cream shortening and sugar; add apple sauce. Sift dry ingredients together, and gradually beat into first mixture. Add nuts (or raisins). Pour into greased 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven, 325 deg. F. for 1 hour. Turn out

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onto cake rack to cool. Frost with lemon butter icing.

AUGUST 9

Handy Meat Loaf

A new way to serve Ham and Eggs is in this meat loaf: Break 6 slices of bread into small pieces. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk and whip with fork. Stir in 4 cups ground cooked ham (left over from a baked or canned ham). Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery seed. Pack $\frac{1}{2}$ meat mixture into greased

loaf pan (10 x 5 x 3 inches). Cut 4 hard-cooked eggs in slices and lay on top. Pack remaining mixture on top of egg slices. Bake in moderate oven, 350 deg. F., for 1 hour. Serve with parsleyed new potatoes, green beans.

AUGUST 10

Melon for Dessert

Fruit of the month is juicy sweet melon. Wrap in aluminum foil or in airtight plastic bag to chill in refrigerator. Serve in wedges with a slice of lime or

lemon. For a fruit dessert plate, cut melon (cantaloupe or sweet green melon) in thick slices, remove seeds. Fill centre with cream cheese balls, rolled in nuts. Arrange sections of peaches, orange or grapefruit around centre, petal fashion. Garnish with cherries and mint leaves.

AUGUST 11

Vegetable Special

A bowl of fresh green beans (cut in inch pieces) cooked only until tender

belongs in August meals. Pour over them a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cooked bacon, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon chopped pimento (heated together). A wonderful dish to accompany a casserole of rice and cheese.

AUGUST 12

Chili for Hot Weather

Down Mexico way where the sun is hotter, they eat foods highly seasoned with chili pepper. We like ours mildly flavored with the chili. Here's a version suited to our climate and taste:

Chili Pie Upside-Down

Brown $\frac{3}{4}$ pound minced beef with 2 chopped onions in 2 tablespoons fat. Add 1 can condensed tomato soup, 1 can kidney beans and 1 teaspoon chili powder. Pour into 2 quart casserole. To 1 cup tea biscuit mix add 1 teaspoon baking powder and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cornmeal. Combine 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted shortening and 2 beaten eggs. Add to dry mixture. Pour over meat. Bake at 400 deg. F. for 20 minutes. Invert on hot platter.

AUGUST 13

Blueberries to the Fore

Before they disappear for another year do make a pudding or two with blueberries. Here's one you'll find useful: Put 4 cups washed blueberries in bottom of greased casserole. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups biscuit mix with 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Spread over berries. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 30 minutes or until top is browned. Serve warm with whipped milk topping, whipped cream or pouring cream.

AUGUST 14

Neat Tomato

Whole, fresh-from-the-vine tomatoes are neat, healthful receptacles for other salad ingredients. Blanch and peel ones of uniform size. Cut down in sections almost to the base. Pull sections apart and fill centre with tuna and celery or chicken, celery and pineapple chunks. Top with watercress sprig and serve with mayonnaise. Set stuffed tomato on shredded lettuce.

AUGUST 15

Salmon with Corn

Canned salmon is unusually adaptable to casserole cookery. Here it teams with canned corn for a summer supper. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ pound can salmon with 2 cups white sauce, juice of 1 lemon, a dash of Worcestershire Sauce, 1 cup canned corn. Add 2 slightly beaten egg yolks. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Pour into greased casserole. Top with buttered crumbs or potato chips. Bake for 30 minutes at 375 deg. F. Serve with bread and butter pickles. Serves 4.

AUGUST 16

Icebox Cake

Treat family or guests to this luscious-tasting dessert. It's easy to prepare with a baker's loaf cake. Slice cake horizontally in 3 layers. Combine whipped cream and well-drained crushed pineapple. Spread mixture between layers and over the top and sides of cake. Decorate top of cake with a few swirls of whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Chill in refrigerator until serving time.

How to make Potato Salad De Luxe



1. Cook and dice enough potatoes to make 4 cups. Prepare 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons chopped pimento, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 4 tablespoons chopped pickle.



2. Measure out 2 tbsps. pickle juice to add when mixing salad. Blend in pickle juice, salt and pepper to taste, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Miracle Whip. Arrange lettuce on round plate.



3. Heap potato salad in center of lettuce; garnish with devilled eggs. Roll slices of bologna into cone-shapes; fill with chopped pickle relish; arrange on lettuce around salad.



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AUGUST 17**Between-Meal Treats for Children**

When children call for something to eat in midafternoon, treat them to orange-honey toast. Combine grated orange rind with honey and spread on slices of golden toast. Peanut butter spread on crackers with a garnish of marmalade will please the kiddies, too. As a beverage, let them make their milk shakes with chocolate syrup, maple syrup, molasses and fruit syrups for flavor.

AUGUST 18**Refreshing Salad**

If Waldorf salad is one of your favorites, you'll enjoy it more with a special dressing. Add to 1 cup mayonnaise 4 tablespoons chopped peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery or raisins and a teaspoon of lemon juice. For your Waldorf salad we suggest diced unpeeled dessert apples and diced green celery in equal amounts. Pile high on frilly leaf lettuce and garnish with thin unpeeled apple sections set into the mound of salad vertically. To keep apple sections from darkening, dip in lemon juice.

AUGUST 19**Novel Sauce for Beets**

Fresh from the garden, beets are an appetizing addition to the dinner plate. Try them this way for a change: To cooked diced beets add an orange sauce and reheat. To make the sauce, blend 2 teaspoons cornstarch with 1 teaspoon sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thickened and transparent. Add one teaspoon of butter or margarine. Reheat the beets in this and serve as a vegetable. Use 2 to 3 cups diced beets for this amount of sauce.

AUGUST 20**Salad A Day**

No difficulty in varying your salads these days with all the fine fresh vegetables and fruits on the market. Even the ingredients of green tossed salads can be changed occasionally with so many greens growing in the garden. Try chopped tender spinach leaves, watercress, tiny beet tops along with celery, cabbage and lettuce. Then for extra interest and more nourishment use this dressing: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chili sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated processed cheese. Blend well and it's ready for your tossed salad.

AUGUST 21**Interesting Salad Dressing**

Hard-cooked eggs and bits of bacon make a pleasing addition to a French dressing for a tossed salad. Fry 5 slices of bacon until crisp. Chop the bacon. Chop 2 hard-cooked eggs. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise. Add the chopped egg and bacon.

AUGUST 22**Handy Portable Icebox**

One of the most useful of all picnic and cottage items is the little portable icebox. There's a covered compartment in it for the ice—either ice cubes or a sizeable piece of ice. From your ice dealer you can obtain the packaged ice cubes or a piece of ice to fit the compartment. Or if you have plenty of ice trays in your refrigerator you can use the cubes from them. To carry frozen orange juice and frozen vegetables put them right in with the ice. Other

perishables such as meat, butter, cream and greens can be packed in the storage section of the box. It's fine for carrying salads, cold meats, bottled beverages, etc., for a picnic.

AUGUST 23**Hot and Hearty Sandwiches**

Here's a lunch or supper idea that will be handy all year round for party occasions—Broiled Tuna and Asparagus sandwiches. Begin by draining the oil from 7-ounce can of tuna fish. Blend

2 tablespoons of this oil with 2 tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup evaporated or whole milk. Season. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add flaked tuna. Toast 6 slices of bread on one side. Place on cookie sheet. On untoasted side arrange cooked or canned asparagus tips. Spoon creamed tuna over asparagus. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Place under broiler about 5 inches from heat until lightly browned. Serve with green pepper rings and fresh tomato wedges.

AUGUST 24**Try Creamy Lemon Filling**

For sponge loaf cakes or for a dramatic dessert, use a creamy lemon filling. Make lemon filling from a packaged mix. When cool, fold into it 1 cup cream whipped. Cut through a fluffy white sponge cake to make 2 layers. Spread lemon cream filling between. Serve in squares or slices with additional lemon cream filling. Same filling can be used with a large tube pan sponge cake. Cut it into 3 layers. Put filling between and

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**Magic Drop 'n' bake Biscuits**

2 cups sifted pastry flour
or 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour
4 tps. Magic Baking Powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt
5 tbsps. chilled shortening
2 tbsps. chopped parsley
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Grease a cookie sheet. Preheat oven to 450° (hot). Mix and sift once, then sift into a bowl, the flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt. Cut in shortening finely; mix in parsley. Make a well in the flour mixture and add milk; mix lightly with a fork. Drop onto prepared cookie sheet, making 8 mounds. Bake in preheated oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot. (For serving with a sweet accompaniment, just omit parsley.)

Chicken Stew: Wash a 6-pound boiling fowl and cut into serving-sized pieces; place in a large saucepan, cover with boiling water and add 2 tps. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper and

if available, 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate; cover and simmer until chicken is tender. Melt 4 tbsps. butter or margarine; remove from heat and blend in 5 tbsps. flour; gradually stir in 1 cup milk and 2 cups well-skimmed chicken stock. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce is smoothly thickened; season to taste with salt and pepper; fry 2 tbsps. chopped onion and 1 can drained button mushrooms or $\frac{1}{2}$ pound cleaned mushrooms, whole or sliced, and add to sauce. Arrange pieces of drained chicken and your choice of other cooked vegetables on a heated platter and pour on a little of the mushroom sauce; border platter with the hot Drop 'n' bake Biscuits. Serve remaining sauce in a sauce boat. Yield—6 to 8 servings.

Variations: Omit mushrooms from the sauce and add any one of the following—cut-up drained pimiento and a little fried green pepper; 2 tps. curry powder blended smoothly with 2 tbsps. cold water; a few drained capers.



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in centre. Frost cake with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with cherries. Chill for 1 to 2 hours before serving.

AUGUST 25

Peaches for Dessert

The flavor of juicy sweet peaches and gingerbread blend to perfection for dessert. Make the gingerbread from one of the ready mixes. While still warm cut in squares. Top with fresh sweetened peaches and serve with whipped milk topping (see July 16) or whipped cream. Another time try the same idea with a plain cake. Sprinkle cream topping with a little sugar and cinnamon.

AUGUST 26

Crisp, Cool Relishes

To add sparkle to a buffet meal, serve your relishes on a bed of cracked ice. You can buy it by the package at most ice dealers'. Mound the cracked ice on a large metal tray or platter. Arrange pickles, olives and radishes in a border around the edge. Hollow out centre of mound and place in it carrot curls, and frilled celery. Pineapple chunks, cheese cubes can be inserted in sides of mound with colored toothpicks.

AUGUST 27

Roast for Easy Meals

An easy way to save time is to cook a roast that will last for several days. It can solve a whole week-end problem at the cottage! Serve one hot meal from the roast, then coast on the leftovers for several days. A choice rump roast is ideal. Cook it in a slow oven or pot roast it. Then second day serve a cold meat platter. Third time try this top-of-the-stove number: Chop meat fairly fine, cook lightly in a little fat with chopped onion. Add sour cream, leftover gravy or tomato soup. Season with curry or chili. Serve hot on cooked rice, hot biscuits or toast.

AUGUST 28

Summer Coffee Cake

Blueberries star in this quickly made coffee cake: To 2¼ cups quick biscuit

mix add 2 tablespoons granulated sugar and ¼ cup fresh blueberries. Combine 1 beaten egg and ¾ cup milk. Add to first mixture, stirring lightly with fork. Turn into greased 8 x 8 x 2 inch cake tin, patting evenly. Sprinkle with this topping mixture: ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Bake at 400 deg. F. for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut in squares and serve warm. If desired ½ cup raisins may be substituted for blueberries.

AUGUST 29

Marshmallow Topping

Jellied fruits are so popular a new topping for this dessert will be welcome. Snip a quarter pound of marshmallows using scissors dipped in hot water. To the marshmallows add ¼ cup cream or top milk. Let stand in refrigerator to soften. Spoon over the jellied fruit molds and sprinkle with coconut or chopped nuts.

AUGUST 30

Cool Cucumbers

For a typical late August salad and a novelty—make cucumber boats. Peel large cucumbers, cut lengthwise and remove seeds. Cut in 3 to 4 inch lengths. Fill centres with a mixture of pimento cream cheese, chopped celery and mayonnaise to moisten. For masts use small celery sticks (with leaves) stuck into filling. Arrange boats on shredded lettuce. Serve with cold salmon or as part of a salad plate with tomato sections and hard-cooked egg. This is a nice way to serve salmon salad too. Put salmon mixture into the cucumber boats instead of the cheese.

AUGUST 31

De Luxe Cold Beverages

For iced tea in tall glasses, float a thin slice of lemon dotted over with sliced cherries stuck in with cloves. For iced coffee use the instant kind. Dissolve 4 teaspoons in ½ cup hot water. Add 3 teaspoons sugar. Stir in 3 cups milk and ¼ brick of vanilla or chocolate ice cream. Pour into tall glasses. Serves 4. ♦



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A LOOK AT MARRIAGE

Continued from page 9

motherhood. It is better that she should have something for her hands to do than pose as a bit of fragile ornament; and better that she should delay parentage, than fret in the irritability of mating unnaturally postponed: we must permit the separation of marriage from reproduction in order to diminish the separation of sex from marriage. Should the man relax under this financial aid, the only remedy for him is fatherhood; the child will stir him on to manhood, or there is no man in him at all.

It is true that youth is blind, and cannot judge: but age is old, and cannot love. Perhaps at no time should we be permitted or required to make irrevocable decisions. It is not shown that men choose more wisely at thirty than at twenty in the matter of taking wives; and as all wives and all husbands are substantially alike, it does not make all the difference in the world. If a man cannot find some mode of concord with his wife it is, in a great majority of cases, because of some defect in his own behavior and philosophy, which would operate to the same result if he could exchange his neighbor's wife for his own. Divorce is like travel: it is useless if we cannot change ourselves.

Trial Separation

Nevertheless the ignorance of youth is real; indeed, when in these matters, do we cease to be ignorant? (Which of us men yet understands women, and how many of us can manage them?) To reduce the area of the unknown let us restore the old custom of requiring a public betrothal six months before marriage. During that pleasant half year the lovers would discover each other mentally; perhaps they would even begin to quarrel like man and wife; and there would be an opportunity for separation before the bonds of matrimony had made them one. Those six months would add to our marriage institution a moral fibre and beauty which it sadly needs; they would provide a lyric interlude amid the prose of economic life.

The last and greatest difficulty is the absurdity of encouraging youth, before experience has sobered sense, to enter a house which at any moment may become a prison, incarcerating one for life. If early marriage is to be a reasonable arrangement, matrimony must have an exit as well as an entrance, and divorce must be allowed. Doubtless some delay is salutary; it would serve wisdom and order to require a trial separation for some considerable time before granting a definite decree; for in that interval the constant warriors might discover that solitude is worse than war, and distance might reveal virtues which nearness had concealed.

What the conclusion of our experiments will be let others tell who know. Probably it will be nothing that we shall wish or will; we are caught in a current of change, and shall doubtless be borne along to fated and unchosen ends. In this rushing flux of customs, habits and institutions, anything at all may come. Now that the home, in our large cities, is disappearing, monogamy has lost its chief attraction. Without doubt, com-

Continued on page 31

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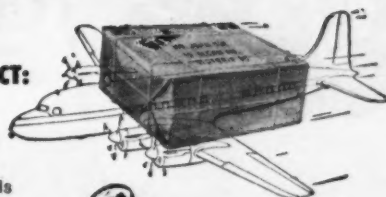
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sheers which tend to darken
light lingerie in the
heat of summer.*



Drawings by Maizie Gault

Continued from page 29

panionate marriage will be more and more condoned where there is no intent to reproduce. Free unions, sanctioned or not, will multiply; and though their freedom will be chiefly for the male, women will take them as a lesser evil than the sterile loneliness of uncourted days. The "double standard" will be broken down, and woman, having imitated man in all things else, will emulate his premarital experience.

Divorce will grow, and every city will be crowded with the derelicts of shipwrecked unions. The entire institution of marriage will be recast into newer and looser forms. When the industrialization of woman is complete, and birth control is the secret of every class, motherhood will be an incident in woman's life, and institutions for the care of children will supplement the home.

The Last Word

The last word, however, must be for monogamy. The lifelong union remains the loftiest conception of human marriage; and it is still the goal which the complete lover will set himself when he pledges his troth.

There is something cowardly in divorce, like flight from the field of war; and something unstable and superficial in one who flits from mate to mate. Men and women of character will solve these difficulties as they arise, knowing that difficulties as great would meet them on any other battleground. Their reward comes when the hard years of mutual readjustment are over, and a steady affection tenoned and mortised in the care of children and the sharing of a thousand vicissitudes has supplanted the transitory ardor of physical desire, and made two minds and two hearts one. Only when that test of the soul has been passed will they know the fullness of love. ♦

KELCEY

Continued from page 11

and her skin was very white. People kept coming in and going out, speaking in soft voices and acting as polite as can be. He knew, because nurse once took him there to visit her. Nurse picked him up after school one afternoon and they got into a taxicab and rode downtown.

"Where are we going, nurse, old sock?" he asked. And he made his voice sound tough, like Sam Speed, the private eye. Nurse told him that his mother had forgotten her portfolio at home that particular day and they were going downtown to deliver it to her. He sat very still for a moment, then his face filled with joy.

"Hey—that's something!" he screeched. "We're going to see mom in the office!" Nurse smoothed down his hair and patted his collar.

"Be a good boy when we get there, Kelcey. Your mother's a very busy woman."

"Oh, sure," he said, and his voice had a dizzy pitch. He reached up and pulled out a hairpin from nurse's bun and balanced it between his upper lip and nose. Then he snuggled close to her and forgot temporarily that she wasn't soft and sweet-smelling the way his mother was. And he even forgave her for

the fact that the boys always laughed and called him "sissy" when nurse in her stiff white uniform called for him each day at school.

She got up from the desk the minute they came in and walked across the thick carpet toward them.

"Hi, mom," he said. And he stuck out his lower lip and threw back his shoulders so that she could see he was strong and brave as anything. Then, looking at the fireplace and the couches and the pictures on the wall and the

big thick curtains that made everything dark and quiet except for the fingers of sunlight that poked between the blinds, he suddenly felt shy and uncomfortable. He slowly backed away against the draperies, leaned into them, feeling their heaviness rising from his shoulders. He wondered whether he looked like the bat man.

"Come here, darling, and give me a big kiss," his mother said. And because he didn't move she walked over and hugged him tightly to her. The silver

buttons on her dress felt cold against his face.

Later he sat down on the couch and watched her open the portfolio and take out pictures of women in fancy clothes and hold them up to the light and study them. People came in and out. A woman with a pad and pencil came up to the desk, wrote down everything that his mother said and ran out in a hurry. Another woman in a white and silver dress came in and stood very quietly while his mother looked from her to the

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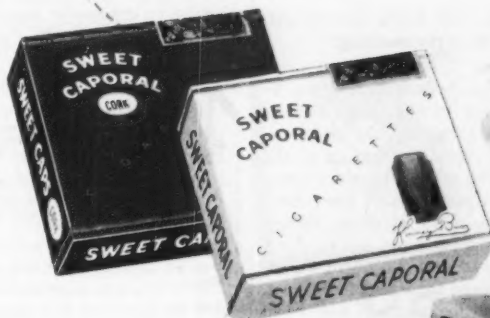


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photographs in her hand and back again. Then two men came in and said something to her, and everyone spoke so softly and slowly as though she were a schoolteacher.

Suddenly he felt wonderful. "Make them speak up, mom," he wanted to yell. "You can do it." But nurse was looking at him and he didn't dare. Then one of the men said something about her being the busiest fashion editor in the city and something else about having to put the book to bed in a hurry. That's when he burst wide open. "Hey, mom!" he screamed. "Imagine putting a book to bed!" And he laughed so hard he nearly rolled off the couch. "How do you do it, mom?" he yelled. "Do you tuck the blankets up real nice around its chin? Do you make it say its prayers?" He thought he'd die

☆ ☆ ☆

IMAGE

By Mona Gould

Like a small ship
Swinging softly into harbor
After a far sea,
So does your image . . . wayward
faring
Return to me!

It has been as you said;
Never a place I can go
Or a book take up in my two
hands,
Or the tone of a voice
Striking the heart like a sudden
bell
But I turn . . . shaken with longing
to see you
O, I remember . . . well!
I shall be old, one day,
Remembrance less sharp and clear;
But that which is cut in the heart
Remains dear!

☆ ☆ ☆

laughing. Nurse came over quickly and started putting on his coat. His mother introduced him to the two men. They were laughing too.

"This is my son, Kelcey," she said. "He has a wonderful sense of humor, don't you think?" And she smoothed down his hair and patted his cheek. Her hand smelled so sweet he wanted to kiss it. But he was no sap. Nurse had him by the arm and was leading him toward the door, but he held back. He was looking straight at his mother. "You coming home for dinner tonight?" he asked. His mother stared down at her fingernails for a while and then at him.

"No Kelcey, I'm dining out tonight. But I'll see you in the morning."

That was the only time he ever visited her in the office, but he used to speak to her on the telephone often enough. He'd call her up in the afternoons, after school, when the house was quiet and nurse was off somewhere talking to the maid or doing things. He'd go into her bedroom and sit down on the floor and pull the telephone off the little mirrored table next to her bed. Then he'd dial her number, and when somebody answered he'd say, "I'd like to speak to Mrs. Evans." Then somebody else would get on the phone and



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say, "This is Mrs. Evans' office." And he'd say, "I'm Mr. Evans." And before long his mother would be on the phone. "That you, mom?" he'd say. And he'd cradle the phone—rock it as though it were a doll. "Can you guess who this is?" She'd pretend to think for a while and finally she would say:

"Why, Kelcey—what a surprise—it's you!" And then she'd ask him how everything went at school and if he'd been nice to nurse and whether he'd had a glass of milk when he came home. And before he hung up he'd always ask her, "You coming home for supper tonight mom?" And once in a while she'd say "yes," but usually she said "no," she'd be working late or dining out with someone, so that by the time he hung up he'd be so mad he'd kick the phone—knock it on the head—punch it in the teeth! Who cares about mothers anyway!

School was nothing special. It was a large white house right next to the park, with a play yard in the back. The boys were okay although some of them talked through their noses as though they had a cold. But the girls could yell like murder. He knew, because once when he brought Bessie to school they yelled so loud he thought his ears would burst. You wouldn't think a frog could scare them so. But he yelled right back, and then he put Bessie down and let her jump all over the place until the girls nearly went crazy. The teacher took Bessie and him up to the director's office and that's where they stayed until nurse called for them. Nurse said it's the most expensive private school in the city.

He could paint. He could take his brush and swiggle it into those little cakes of color, and swish it on the crinkly drawing paper and it always turned out pretty. During painting sessions the teacher would come and stand behind his back and when he'd finish she'd say, "What's it supposed to be, Kelcey?" And when he'd tell her she'd say, "Very good. Go around and show it to the class." He could paint trees, mountain lions and frogs. He did frogs best. After painting they'd sit around and talk. The teacher would ask questions and the children would answer. They spoke about birds, flowers, Eskimos, Hopalong Cassidy—anything. Once she asked them what they did after school. All the children spoke up. "What do you do, Kelcey?" she asked.

"I go home with nurse and feed Bessie and sometimes I call up my mother and ask her things."

"What about your father?" one of the girls asked.

"He's got another wife," Kelcey said. Everybody laughed. Kelcey laughed too. The teacher looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then she smiled . . . not a real smile, a small one, as though she were sorry about something.

That night his mother brought two men and another woman home with her for dinner. They sat in the living room drinking things and eating little sandwiches while the maid set the table. When Kelcey went inside to say good night, his mother introduced him. One of the men was sitting on the arm of her chair holding her hand. Kelcey kept his eyes on the floor while his mother and her friends spoke to him and laughed a lot among themselves. The man who was sitting on the arm

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of her chair bent down and kissed the back of her neck. Kelcey went over to his mother and pulled her sleeve.

"I'd like to speak to you," he whispered. She followed him out of the room and into the bedroom and as soon as he was in bed she leaned over and said, "What is it?"

"Are you getting another husband?" he asked. And then he ducked his head under the blanket because her eyes were bright as marbles and he wanted to touch them. She didn't say anything for a moment, and then pulling the blanket away she asked, "Why?"

"Don't bother! I can take care of things around here." She said, all right, she wouldn't bother. After she left the room he kept looking at the ceiling and seeing the man who was sitting on the arm of her chair. If he came around again, zing . . . he'd pop him off.

The following week the teacher announced "Open House" at school.

☆ ☆ ☆

WIND-BLOWN

By Elaine V. Emans

I love a cloud scudding
In its ocean-sky,
And the scent of earth budding
When the wind comes by.
I love a wash blowing
In its bright rows pinned —
But oh, a spaniel going
By me, in the wind,
With his silk coat gleaming
And his joy unsuppressed
And his long ears streaming,
I must love the best!

☆ ☆ ☆

"Bring your mothers and fathers," she told the class. "We'll show them all the fine work we've been doing."

"Say, nurse, that's some idea," Kelcey said when nurse called for him that day. "Wait till mom sees the stuff I've done." And he thought of the teacher showing his mother the paintings he did and the little book he made with the cut-out pictures of Indians, and the turtle and frog in clay. And he thought of his mother smiling down at him, and fiddling with his hair so that the sweet-smelling hanky tucked at her wrist tickled his ear, and saying, "Why, Kelcey, I'm so surprised, I never knew you could do such nice things." That night she came home for dinner, and the minute he saw her he said, "You coming to Open House this week?"

She said, "Kelcey, why?" And when he told her she thought for a moment and said, "I don't see how I can get away from the office. Nurse can go instead." He wouldn't eat his soup or vegetables, and he only tasted his dessert when they weren't looking. When he got to his room he stared out of the window for a long while. Then he stood on his head for six minutes and became the world's champ.

Nurse came to school instead, and the teacher showed her the book of Indians and the turtle and frog in clay. Kelcey stuck some bubble gum in a girl's hair, and threw a spit ball at a boy in the front of the room. The teacher shook her head at nurse and asked him why he did that. But he wouldn't talk.



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*T. M. Reg.

They couldn't get anything out of him.

Then one night his mother came home early. He was having supper with nurse when he heard her key in the lock, and suddenly she was standing there with her fur coat wrapped tightly to her throat and a funny little bird's nest hat stuck on top of her head.

"Say, mom, what a surprise!" he shouted. "You're going to eat with us!" And he got up in such a hurry that he knocked his glass of milk off the table. Nurse sopped up the mess. But his mother swung her arm across his shoulders and said, "Not tonight, honey. I've an appointment with friends." Then she went off to the bedroom to change her things. Kelcey sat back in his chair and waited until nurse poured out another glass of milk. But he didn't drink it. He spilled it off slowly into his soup plate, watching the little white pool become a milky ocean until he imagined himself riding away to sea. After a while his mother came out of her room. She was wearing a long blue dress with little sparkly stars pinned to the shoulder, and a scarf was wound around her head. She looked pretty good, but he wouldn't say so. He just kept stirring away at his milk with a spoon. Then the doorbell

rang and it was the man he didn't like. The same one who'd been around the other night, holding her hand, and kissing her neck, and staring into her eyes as though there was something important he had to say. What a sappo! His mother smiled and tucked her arm through the man's and pulled him away to the living room.

"Time for bed, Kelcey," nurse said. Kelcey stared straight ahead at the bowl of olives on the table.

"Come along now," nurse repeated. She fixed her glasses on her nose and gave him one of those deep sideways looks. He reached for an olive and aimed it at the chandelier. Then suddenly he turned on nurse.

"I'm not going," he shrieked, "I'm not going anywhere!" He yelled so loudly it seemed his skin would pop.

"Kelcey—for heaven's sake!" His mother was standing in the doorway with Sappo grinning behind her. "What's all this rumpus about?" she asked. Nurse lifted her hands helplessly. Before he knew it his mother took his elbow and walked him toward his room.

"Now see here, young man," she said when they were alone, "what is the matter?" Her voice sounded angry, but

her eyes were soft and warm and he wasn't afraid of them at all.

"Nothing!" he said confidently, and he did a triple somersault on the bed just to show her whose muscles were the strongest she'd ever seen.

"Then there's nothing to prevent you from going to bed."

"Who can waste time sleeping?" he said. Her hair in the lamplight glowed like a golden ball.

"I think you can afford to waste plenty of time sleeping," she said emphatically. And she helped him undress and tucked him tightly beneath the blankets. When she bent to kiss him good night her scarf slipped from her shoulders and smothered him for a moment in sweetness, and the star pins on her dress snapped with fire. "I'll see you in the morning, Kelcey," she said. Before she went he called her back once for a glass of water, a second time to see if Bessie was sleeping all right, a third, to fix his covers. And finally she closed the door and was gone—off somewhere with Sappo. He closed his eyes so as not to look at the dark.

At school the next day he punched a boy just because he felt like it. And he hid the briefcase that belonged to one of the girls, so that she had to go around all day borrowing pencils. When the teacher asked him a question he said, "I don't know anything!" And when she looked kind of surprised and said, "Why, Kelcey, what do you mean?" he said:

"Just that—nothing!" She told him to sit by himself in the back of the room.

During the arts and crafts period she said, "Today we'll do something different. I'd like you to give your impression of the person who is in some way most interesting to you." Kelcey took his brush and held it in his hand for a while thinking—then socko, he swished it into the paint. He put a large face, with yellow hair around it, on the paper and then he used a lot of blues and grey. He put a scarf around the head, and with an extra burst of enthusiasm, he stuck in a couple of stars using white dots to make them spark. He held it up and looked at it. It looked better than Taffy Daffodil, from the Sunday Section.

Afterward the teacher told them to show their pictures to the class and tell about them. One of the girls painted her

Continued on page 36



Summer Salad: tomato sections, sliced cucumbers, radish roses, carrot curls, lettuce—French dressing.

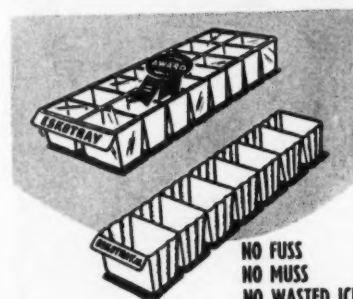
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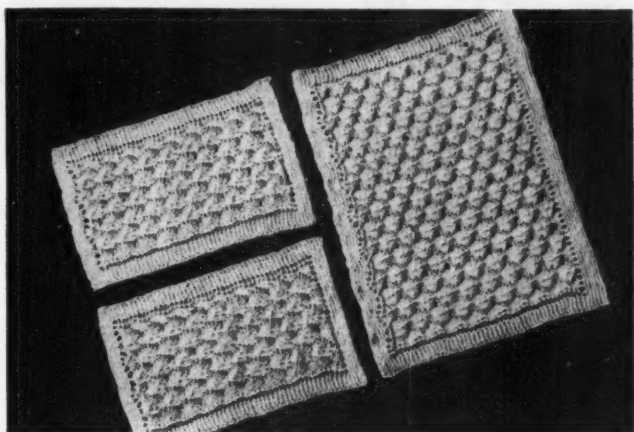
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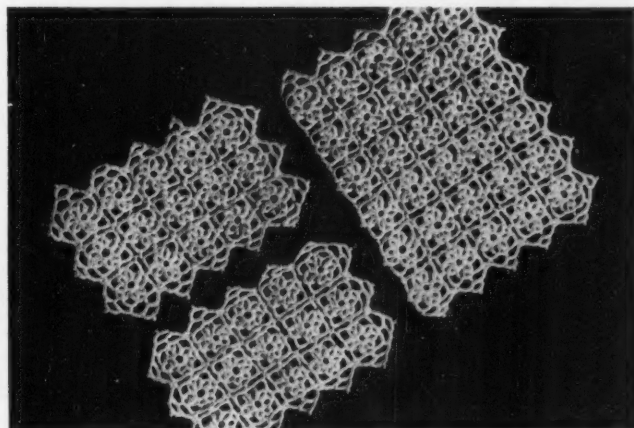


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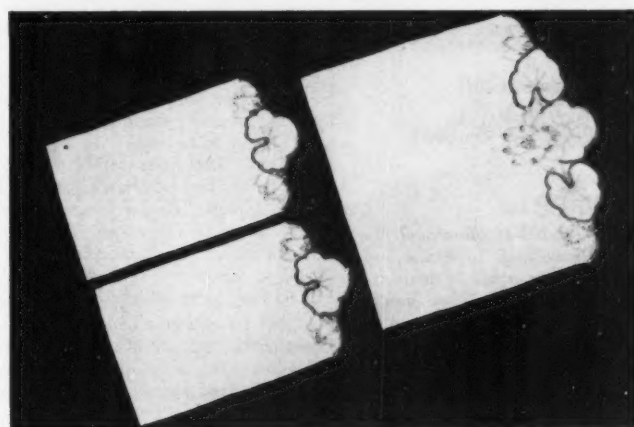
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janitor. A boy at the other end of the room painted his Uncle Jacob. Someone else painted the man who delivers the dog food. When Kelcey's turn came, the teacher said, "Kelcey, this is very pretty. Who is it?"

"I don't know!" The teacher looked at him in surprise.

"You don't know? But, Kelcey, of course you do. Now who is it?"

"It's the maid," he said. One of the fellows came up and looked over his shoulder at the picture.

"The maid? Where's her mop?" he asked. Kelcey jumped on top of him and started pulling out his hair. He'd show him where's her mop.

The teacher rapped sharply on the desk and called the class to order. Then, without saying a word, she took Kelcey by the arm and led him up to the director's office. She told him what

☆ ☆ ☆

UNCLOUDED VISION

By Leone Monroe

Her chubby finger pointing
With nice precision,
Finds beauty long escaping
My time-dulled vision:
The golden powderpuff of
A small stray kitten,
The hoarfrost messages that
The elves have written,
A drowsy caterpillar
In fuzzy sleepers,
The fragile reaching arms of
The ivy creepers.
I wonder if the reason
She sees such art is
Just that her eyes are brighter,
Or that her heart is.

☆ ☆ ☆

happened and left. The director picked up the picture.

"Who'd you say this is?" he asked.

"The maid," Kelcey said.

"Too much yellow," the director said.

"It's her favorite color."

"Whose?" he asked.

"My mother's." Uh-oh Kelcey's ears were burning.

When nurse called for him she said, "See here, young man, I'm going to have a talk with your mother about all this nonsense." Then she went into the inside office to speak to the director. Kelcey stood on one foot up to the count of eighty and then he climbed on a bench and pretended to dive into space. He wasn't afraid of anything. Not he, no sir! You could fry him and he wouldn't make a sound.

Then nurse came out and pushed him on ahead of her. "Come along. We're going home," she said. Nurse spoke hardly at all on the way. When they reached home she went off down the hall to phone. "Mrs. Evans? . . . will you be home tonight? . . . good . . . there's something about Kelcey . . . the school . . . a picture. . . ." Bingo! what a nurse anyway! Kelcey went off to his room and picked up Bessie. He fed her some crumbs and stroked her head. "You're gorgeous," he whispered to her. Then he put the picture on his bed and looked at it.

That night his mother came home early. When they sat down to dinner she turned to him immediately and said,

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"Don't you like school any more, Kelcey?" Nurse started to talk at once, but his mother waved her aside. "Well?" she said.

"School's okay."

"Then why do you fight with the boys?" she asked.

"I can beat them up. I can knock them down. I got muscles." And he bent his arm to show her.

"And the girls," she continued. "I understand you're not very nice to the girls."

"Oh them!" His contempt was obvious. "When they bend down their pants show." His mother seemed momentarily stopped, but she quickly picked up the thread.

"And that picture you painted," she said. "I understand you weren't very polite to the teacher about that." Kelcey didn't answer. "I'm very disappointed in you," his mother said. She sat there twirling her fork in her hand and staring at him. In the lamplight her earrings seemed to dance with fire so that Kelcey couldn't look away. He sat transfixed for a moment. Then suddenly he ran from the table and went to his room. He got down flat on the floor and started crawling around behind the bed ambushing pirates. They all wore blue scarves around their throats and had earrings that leaped into flame. He got six before they knew he was there. After a while his mother came in and sat down on the bed.

"Kelcey, get off the floor and come here," she said. He stood in front of her.

"I don't know what to do about you. Your conduct at school has become serious." He just stood there not saying anything. From the corner of his eye he could see Bessie asleep in her bowl.

"I don't think you care about our feelings, nurse's and mine, at all," she said. There was some chewed-up gum in his right-hand pocket. It stuck to his pinky finger.

"Well, what can you say for yourself?"

"Nothing much." His shoulders felt itchy. His mother leaned back on the bed. That's when she saw the picture.

"Is this the picture nurse mentioned?" she asked.

"I guess," he said. She sat there looking at it for a while not saying anything. Her hair seemed satiny under the lamp and her face was tiny like Bessie's.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Someone," he murmured. She kept looking at the picture and then from the picture to Kelcey.

"Aren't these little stars?" she asked. And before he could answer she burst out laughing. "But, of course—they're my star pins." She held the picture up staring at it and laughing. "Why, Kelcey, this is me!" Kelcey felt the blood rushing to his cheeks.

"But I look like a banana split," she continued. "All yellow and white. And this blue—this must be my blue dress. Why, Kelcey, the whole thing is perfectly lovely." He started to giggle because he felt like such a dope.

"I'm really proud of you. You're some boy," his mother said.

"Better than Sappo?" It was out before he knew.

"Who's he?" she asked. When Kelcey told her she looked at him curiously for a moment, and then her face grew thoughtful. She held his hand and pressed the tips of his fingers and said

very softly so that he could hardly hear. "Ever so much better, Kelcey." Then she took the picture and looked at it again and suddenly she said,

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" "What's that," he asked.

"I'd like to hang this in my office." Kelcey stared at her without believing. "On your wall?" he asked incredulously.

"That's right."

"Over the fireplace facing the window?"

"If you like."

"Wow!—that's something!" he screeched. And he stood on the bed and jumped on the mattress and tried to hit the ceiling with his fist.

"You going to put a frame around it?" he asked, his face all pink with breathlessness.

"Why not?" she said.

"What color?" he asked.

"Anything you suggest," she said. He lay back on his bed and blew out his cheeks and made clucking sounds with his tongue. Wait till I tell them. Any-old-one! I've got my picture downtown, in her office, on the wall, on top of the fireplace! . . . He felt as though he might burst inside.

After she was gone he took Bessie out of the bowl and slipped her into his bed, then he climbed in after her. Maybe he'd ask his mother to take him to the park on Sunday. He might smooth back his hair with vaseline and say real smart, the way Duke Mason, the fellow from the comics would, "Why don't we skip out on nurse, the old hay-wagon, and go to the park today, just you and me." Some idea! He pulled the covers over his head and trapped Bessie under his palm. He scooped her against his nose. Her skin felt wet and slippery. "You need warming, honey-bunny!" he said.

DECORATING KITCHENS

Continued from page 19

The "bake and breakfast spot" in our kitchen updates the old-fashioned kitchen cabinet. In most current kitchens there are cupboards above counters, and you can enclose the space between behind a hinged, slanting front like a writing desk. The front pulls down to become your baking board and to reveal all your baking utensils and ingredients stored inside. They vanish just as fast again when the baking's done.

When the slanting front is closed a narrow ledge of the original counter remains in view. Beneath this can be installed a slide-out table deep enough to accommodate place settings for breakfast or lunch. You can buy graduated stools to suit the sizes your family comes in—or if stools take up too much

room between meals, get armless folding chairs.

Other Places to Eat

Another space-saving eating spot for a small kitchen is a lunch counter that drops down from the wall like an ironing board. Or if you have wall space for a narrow cupboard, large enough to hold the kitchen china you will use on your lunch counter, you could hinge the long narrow cupboard door at the bottom so that this will swing down to become your

counter. In some kitchens where such a counter would cut off traffic, wall space may permit building a dropleaf style counter at which breakfasters face the wall. This would provide more work space between meals, too, won't protrude as far as a kitchen table, and folds down against the wall when not needed.

Pots and Pans Storage

Perhaps the most striking feature of our kitchen is the overhead rack for pots, pans and skillets, an idea borrowed

from professional cooks which hangs your saucepans handily in reach above your stove. But this is just one of several suggestions for extra kitchen storage space.

Your saucepan lids slide behind a simple rack on the wall (you can make them or buy them ready to screw on) just over your stove. This rack should have a narrow bottom ledge for your herbs and seasonings; or if your stove is the type that sits out a bit from the

Continued on page 40



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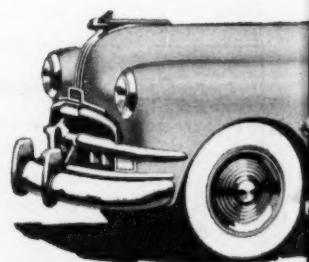
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*Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive optional at extra cost on Chieftain Series. †PowerGlide optional on Fleetleader Deluxe models at extra cost. ‡Optional on all models at extra cost.



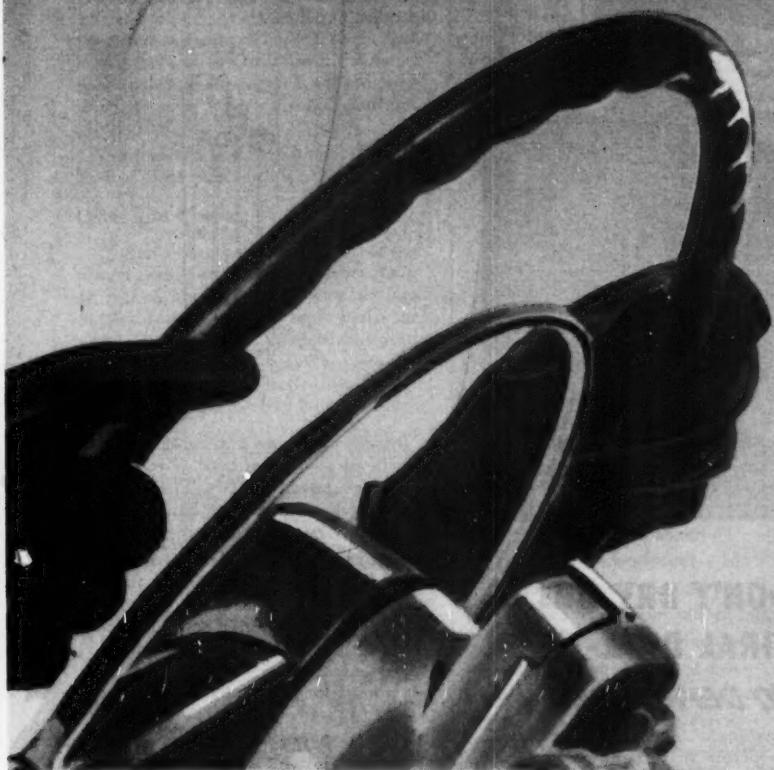
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Illustrated — Pontiac Catalina

T I F U L T H I N G O N W H E E L S

Continued from page 37
wall to accommodate wiring and ventilation for the broiler, you can bridge the gap with a shelf. The shelf should consist of a wooden frame, supported by wall brackets, covered with a strip of that metal grillwork used to screen radiators. Such a shelf won't trap broiler fumes.

Another "open air" pot rack makes use of the easily accessible wall space behind a modern low-oven stove. In this space attach a section of that

decorative, perforated wallboard, and screw hooks into it for your saucepans. Your lid rack can be mounted along the bottom.

You can also make use of the waste space under an old-style high-oven stove, by removing the legs and setting it on a built-in chest of drawers which will hold your pots, pans, lids and cake-and-cookie tins. Make the bottom drawer good and deep to hold your preserving kettle. You'll find pulling out drawers handier than reaching under one low

shelf to grope for something at the back of the shelf below that.

In larger, old-fashioned kitchens the dining-room door sometimes gives a too-direct view of the stove. You can build a waist-high plywood wall, topped by a counter, to hide the stove. Hang your pots and pans on the stove side of the wall and use the counter for a serving table at mealtime, a snack bar between meals.

Kitchen knives and smaller cooking utensils (spatulas, strainers, stirring

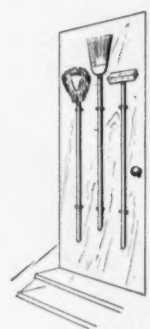
spoons) will also add an appropriate decorative touch as well as be within handier reach if kept in sight. Hang knives over chopping board, or stand them in slots behind chopping board at back of counter (where blades will clear drawer below); hang cooking items near stove.

Other Space Savers

Breadbox can be suspended from the underside of a cupboard, with screws through the top, for better use of counter space.

Garbage cans can be mounted on inside of cupboard door beneath sink (with a chain and pulley arrangement to raise the lid when you open the door) to save floor space. You can buy such a can made-to-order, or adapt your present one.

Dishtowel racks, if not already built into your below-counter space, can be installed under sink.

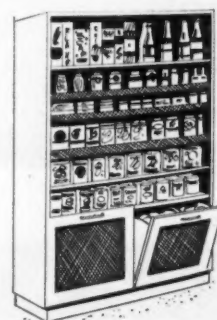


Brooms and mops can be clipped to outside of your cellar door, if you have no broom closet. Use two clips for each handle to keep them from banging, and they'll no longer clutter your cellarway.

Ironing board with about a foot cut off the wide end can be hinged to the end of a counter beside, say, your dining-room door. When raised it is flush with counter, and you can make a slip-on cover for it that pulls back over counter for ironing longer articles such as trousers. (Actually this base-end of any ironing board is used chiefly to set iron on.) Without cover, ironing board becomes a play table for children (sit them on dining room side and they're near at hand without being underfoot); or even a junior-size lunch counter.

Extra Food Storage

A pantry cupboard is always an asset if you have room in cellarway or anywhere else, and it will be doubly useful if shelves are built just far enough apart to accommodate standard-size cans, jars, bottles, etc.



Which plate was kept in the Admiral Dual-Temp?

These cold cuts were sliced from the same meat and cheese. Those on plate above, kept uncovered 4 days in ordinary refrigerator, are shriveled, dry and useless. Those on plate below, also kept uncovered 4 days in an ADMIRAL DUAL-TEMP, are as fresh, tender and tasty as ever. Moist cold made the difference.



Model 1192 — DUAL-TEMP — 11 cu. ft.

FOODS DON'T DRY OUT IN AN ADMIRAL DUAL-TEMP!

... AND NO DEFROSTING!

Anything... yes, anything!... keeps in the Admiral Dual-Temp—now available in Canada—and keeps better than you've ever known food to keep before! Cold meats, egg yolks, leftovers, fruits, vegetables, desserts... all stay fresh and flavourful for days on end without lids or wrappings—and without any mingling of odors or flavours.

Remarkable, too, is the huge freezer compartment with the coldest-cold of them all! You can quick-freeze at temperatures as low as 52° below freezing—store up to 72 pounds of frozen foods. For the one truly different No Defrosting refrigerator—for the finest in refrigeration at typical Admiral savings—see the new '52 Dual-Temps now at your Admiral dealer's.

Other Admiral 1952 refrigerators give you a choice of 2 Magic Methods of Defrosting... Admiral's exclusive Flash Defrosting, Fully Automatic Defrosting. And the new 1952 Admiral conventional Refrigerators give you more food space per dollar. See your Admiral dealer now... let him show you these beautiful new 1952 models.

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DUAL-TEMP

M8-5

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Vegetable bins can be built into bottom of pantry cupboard, with drop fronts panelled in radiator grilling or other perforated material to permit proper air circulation.

China and Glass Storage

Cup shelves that you can nail to the underside of a shelf are now available, to make use of what is often wasted space.

Cup books now come with a spring clip so cups can't be knocked off.

Plate holders that will hold three sizes of dishes one above the other, and swing out to make each size available as needed, come ready to install in your dish cupboard.

Glasses and tumblers of varying sizes are best stored on shelves of graduated depth. A shallow cupboard can often be built for the purpose behind a kitchen or dining room door which is a few wasted inches from a wall corner. Mount door stoppers top and bottom to prevent accidents; and so glasses won't slide off narrow shelves edge shelves with wooden molding or a strip of metal radiator grilling.

Trays can be stored in a rack in lower part of glass cupboard.

Color and Charm

If you make the best decorative use of such meant-to-be-in-the-kitchen items as racked knives, saucepans and spice bottles (remove labels and paint the names on in a bright color to suit your color scheme), you will be free to abandon "imported" items like plaster fruit plaques and novelty flower holders.

But even though your kitchen is small, provided its basic items of equipment are well organized to avoid clutter, you may indulge yourself in design and decoration at window, or on ceiling or on cupboard doors. (Note the prints mounted and shellacked on cupboard doors in one sketch on page 19.)

In choosing your color scheme remember that you'll never go far wrong if you take your color combinations from nature. Several such kitchen color plans are suggested in adjoining box.

In AUGUST CHATELAINE Catharine Fraser will present five unusual treatments for recreation rooms. ♦

3 COLOR SCHEMES FOR KITCHENS

1 WALLS: spinach green. CEILING: lettuce green. FLOOR: tomato red. ACCESSORIES (curtains, chair seats): red, white and green gingham or chintz.

2 WALLS: onion white. CEILING: onion skin beige. FLOOR: earth brown. ACCESSORIES: beige, white, brown and yellow chintz or gingham.

3 WALLS: celery leaf white-yellow. CEILING: white. FLOOR: loam grey or black. ACCESSORIES: grey and white and yellow stripes.

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COTY

Ask for Shakti at your favorite cosmetic counter.

TOAST OF LONDON

Continued from page 17

of the Canadian theatre. Finally Frances burst out desperately, "Mr. Speaight, can you tell me now whether I've passed or not?"

Speaight seemed surprised. "Oh yes," he said. "Of course you have."

She arrived in London the following September, after barnstorming almost every town in Saskatchewan with a troupe of eight players led by her friend Professor Jones. Traveling in a second-hand station wagon, hauling their own scenery in a trailer, the university troupers played in every imaginable makeshift hall, once using jail cells for dressing rooms. When the Regina Leader-Post headlined "University actors in town jail" Mrs. Hyland called long distance to offer bail.

Frances added the hundred dollars she netted from her summer's barnstorming to her savings, which with help from her mother and her other benefactors enabled her to pay her tuition and have \$90 a month left to live on. She found the courses in such technical subjects as voice development, movement, mime and clarity of speaking, all fascinating—but to the girl from Shaunavon and Regina, London town itself was overwhelming.

"At first I was bewildered," she says. "The buildings, the buses, the money, the food were all entirely different to anything I had experienced before. Even the accents and faces of the people I passed near the Academy, in the London University district, were strange—Spanish, Chinese and Indian students all come there to study. It was exciting, and upsetting."

Leading Lady Into Maid

Because she hoped to work in England Frances struggled to develop an English accent. She practiced saying "How now, brown cow" and "Tall Paul fell off the wall," and the voice teacher's laughter drowned her out when instead of "I'd rather go on Saturday," Frances would blurt "I'd rather go on Sawturday."

She had to learn how to breathe all over again, practicing until her ribs hurt. She learned how to walk in various period costumes—a smooth glide in medieval dresses, with their long trains, a mincing patter in crinolines so the hoops wouldn't swing. She learned to use the great ostrich feather fans of the Edwardian period in languid, stately sweeps, and the little Victorian fans in a staccato flutter.

And she learned to act by acting. In one production she played the leading lady in a scene of the first act and handed the part along to another student who, in turn, passed it along to a third and so on. By the final curtain the leading lady from Saskatchewan had become the maid. "It was confusing, amusing and exciting," she grins.

The culmination of her two-year course at R.A.D.A. was a public showing of a play staged by the students at a West End theatre, to which all the big managements, agents and producers were invited. Frances Hyland, the half-pint from the prairies, won second prize—the Academy's silver medal—for her performance as a fourteen-year-old

Continued on page 44

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CLASSIC BARE-SHOULDERED SUN FROCK — shown on opposite page in spicy gold Irish linen with well-defined and flattering bodice. Generously full skirt with two inverted pleats front and back is nipped sharply at the waistline with a wide self belt. For streetwear, add the full-skirted, two-button redingote of eyelet batiste with short widely cuffed sleeves. The basic line of this dress lends itself easily to dramatic accessorizing with bright flowers, jewelry or dress-up hats and gloves. Simplicity Pattern No. 8475 in sizes 12 to 20, price 50c.

ROMANTICALLY TAILORED SHEER — in cloudy blue organdie, with vertically pleated, buttoned bodice for crisp elegance and bouffant sleeves tailored with French cuffs. For added buoyancy and bewitchery wear a stiff crinoline beneath the skirt. Accessorize with matching flowers as shown here or subdued costume jewelry. Simplicity Pattern No. 3848 in sizes 12 to 20, price 35c.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or from the Pattern Dept., Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



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Continued from page 41
neurotic kleptomaniac in *The Young and the Fair*.

As a result of her fine showing, letters began to pour in from agents, film companies and managements. One was from H. M. Tennant, Ltd., backers of scores of London plays, inviting her to audition for one of their scholarship contracts. This is a scheme by which Tennant's, with a vested interest in developing new talent for their produc-

tions, gamble on talented "comers." In effect they offered to pay Frances Hyland twenty-eight dollars every week for a year whether or not they found they could use her in any of their plays. As it turned out, in her case, Tennant's made an excellent bet.

Frances accepted the invitation—and was introduced to a form of nightmare peculiar to the theatre and allied fields with which she has since become entirely familiar. "Auditions," Frances Hyland declares, "are ghastly. There may be up to thirty or forty girls trying for the same part. You're herded into the wings and brought out one by one and given maybe two minutes to read a script you haven't laid eyes on before." Sometimes, looking about her, Frances noted the desperation on the faces of rival candidates, some of whom may not have had

work for a year. Yet each one comes to the theatre looking her best, modishly clothed and apparently successful.

"Nobody knows how many meals a girl has missed," she observes, "for you soon learn that nothing succeeds like looking successful."

Frances' first audition for Tennant's—a reading of one of Eliza Doolittle's speeches from *Pygmalion*—was delivered on the bare stage of the famous Globe Theatre, and ended dismally with a disembodied male voice from the darkness out front saying, "Thank you very much, Miss Hyland, we'll let you know."

Then a few days later came a wire:

URGENT REPORT
AT GLOBE THEATRE
TEN-THIRTY FOR AN
AUDITION

Bursting with curiosity, Frances arrived at the theatre and found it full of perspiring, anxious-looking young actresses. Someone handed her a script of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the Tennessee Williams play which, starring Vivien Leigh, Renee Asherson, and Canadian Bernard Braden, had been exciting London audiences for some months. She was told that Miss Asherson, who had been playing Stella, was leaving, and that this was a tryout to replace her. However, never having seen the play or even the script, and with

INSOMNIA

By Phil Stone

You say you slept like a baby?
Let me interject before you're done:
You very obviously
haven't
one.

It's your secret



Hair Styling by: "Charles of Vogue Salon Toronto"

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Soak up the sun, swim, sightsee . . . enjoy tennis, fishing in crystal-clear mountain brooks and lakes . . . golf on the famous 18-hole course. Every day can be as full or as leisurely as you like at beautiful Banff! Here, nestling between Mount Rundle and Tunnel Mountain high in the Rockies, Canadian Pacific has created a holiday paradise for young and old. Travel by Canadian Pacific trains in air-conditioned comfort.



Sure-footed mountain ponies carry you along skyline trails, and camera fans get plenty of opportunities for "shooting" Rocky Mountain sheep, big antlered elk and black bear. Canadian Rockies All-Expense Tours, westbound from Banff, Alta., eastbound from Field, B. C., as low as \$44.00.

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See the Rockies this year
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Canadian Pacific



fourteen other applicants trying for the job, Frances felt she hadn't a chance. This made her lose her nervousness, and she still didn't catch on when she was later introduced to Hugh ("Binkie") Beaumont, Tennant's managing director, a slender and very elegant Englishman in his forties.

"Would you like that contract, Miss Hyland?" Beaumont asked, smiling.

Frances, who appreciated the financial security offered by the apprentice contract but was more concerned about getting acting experience, replied uncomprehendingly, "I would if I'll be able to work."

Moose Jaw to London

"Oh, I think you'll find plenty of work playing Stella," Beaumont said—and it finally dawned on her that she had won the part she'd had to read "cold."

Frances signed.

Since Stella, in the play, was supposed to be pregnant, Frances spent the two weeks before she went into rehearsal trying to gain weight. "I drank milk and ate eggs and gained seven pounds. I lost them all in the first week of rehearsal."

★ ★ ★

GARLAND

By Pauline Havard

Small girls in summer dresses seem
Like flowers that talk and smile,
And fragrant as the pinks that
grow
Beside an old sundial.

The sunlight's golden lustre gleams
On hair that's soft and bright,
While hair-ribbons are butterflies
With wings of pink or white.

O any street is rightly proud,
If only it possesses
A garland of these special flowers—
Small girls in pastel dresses!

★ ★ ★

During this time Miss Leigh and Miss Asherson were still in the play. Frances, face to face with these famous stars, was overcome with a feeling of inadequacy. Braden snapped her out of it.

"That performance was good enough for Moose Jaw," Bernie would tease. "It wasn't good enough for London." She worked day and night for two weeks. Then she went on before her first West End audience. The critics, who can be so cruel to a newcomer, raved over the Regina girl.

She finished the London run of the play and toured with it until May of 1951 all over Great Britain.

She loved the big, old Edwardian variety theatres they played in, which had nostalgic names like the Opera House or the Grand, were full of red plush, glittering chandeliers and faded playbills advertising bygone actors like Sir Henry Irving.

The tour gave Frances what she refers to as "a short, quick course of all kinds of audiences." One night she would play in Cambridge to alert and erudite university people. Her next appearance would be in Hackney—a tough district in London's East End where the men out front wore their caps tilted over one

eye and were direct in showing appreciation or criticism.

"The week prior to our performance at the Hackney Empire the leading lady of a show there got hit in the eye by a slingshot," she says. "It was terrifying to go on that stage. There were cops in the gallery to keep order, the lights were kept on and fights kept breaking out all over."

The tour ended in Norwich, just a year after Frances had begun rehearsing for Streetcar. But two weeks before

the show closed, she got a wire:

REPORT AT WINTER GARDEN FOR REHEARSALS OF WINTER'S TALE

Frances was very delighted, for this meant that even though hers was just a walk-on part she would be working with John Gielgud, the actor she most admired.

She found it fascinating to watch Gielgud developing his part in rehearsals—trying different ways of doing a scene and finally selecting the way that was

best. "He works like a Trojan," Frances says admiringly.

And the relaxed way veterans like Gielgud, Diana Wynyard and Flora Robson work astonished her. "They never try to force an emotion but carefully build it up by predetermined moves," Frances says.

"They concentrate on understanding the meaning of a line fully—how to say it, how to get it across, and where to stand to say it best.

"They break down a scene, then build

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Yardley Lavender Purse stick



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Lavender is the perfect fragrance for solid form. It's deliciously feminine . . . keeps its full strength till the last ice-green stroke. The new "swivel case" lets you use Yardley Lavender Purse Stick as easily as lipstick! Just \$1.50.

YARDLEY
OF LONDON

it up so that it's filled with more and more variation in tone. The exciting moments at rehearsals come when such a scene suddenly begins to catch fire and spread from one actor to another. You forget you are dressed in modern sports clothes and that there's no scenery, no lights."

Starring at Edinburgh

But a more exciting rehearsal came after *Winter's Tale* had opened, one mad rush of an afternoon when Frances was called on to swat up the part of Perdita, after the actress who played the juvenile lead became ill. That evening Frances waited, shaking with nerves, for her second act appearance, and she went through her performance in a daze. But when the show moved to Edinburgh for the Festival Frances was still playing Perdita, and according to the critics "her freshness, sincerity and warmth enabled her to hold her own in such distinguished company."

Frances played Perdita seven weeks before the play returned to London and the ailing actress recovered. The girl from Saskatchewan matter-of-factly returned to the ranks, unpacked her trunk and hunted up a fifteen-dollar-a-week

bedroom - kitchen - lounge - and - bath to share with another actress. She started dropping in after the show at the Buckstone Club near the Haymarket Theatre to catch up on stage talk with friends—some of them Canadians, like her 23-year-old boy friend Warren Stanhope, from Vancouver. And part of her free time she devoted to the challenging art of dressing like a successful actress on a stenographer's pay.

The Hyland waist is a tiny twenty-two inches and she learned early on her arrival in England that London does not cater to the pocket Venus. On her first shopping expeditions she spent hours combing the large department stores like Harrod's and Peter Jones for something that would fit her figure, her purse and her eye for style.

Finally she decided it would be economy in the end to buy one couture model a year: a cocktail frock, for instance, costing about \$85. Then, when her agent phoned her to say, "Come in for cocktails. I want you to meet an important producer," she could do so in style. For her other clothes—a smart dress and a well-tailored suit for auditions and interviews and sports clothes for day-to-day wear—Frances Hyland

still depends on her painstaking department store expeditions.

"English clothes are made of wonderful materials and they are well sewn, but they are lacking in the variety you find at home," she says.

Turnabout

Fortunately, when she has to appear in formal clothes at a film premiere, or have professional photos taken, H. M. Tennant, Ltd., her employers throw open their vast theatrical wardrobe.

"Once they lent me a beautiful Balmain dress, a gorgeous affair with masses of black lace," the girl from Shaunavon recalls with a sigh. "It's probably the first and last time for years that I'll ever get near a Balmain."

Before *Winter's Tale* ended its run Frances auditioned for the part of a blonde in a British motion picture called *On Monday Next*. Charlotte Mitchell, another young actress and her best friend over here, also tried for the role, but while awaiting the outcome the pair also answered a call for a new play about an East End of London Jewish family, *The Same Sky*.

Each girl won a part, but the brunette Miss Mitchell was cast as the blonde in the movie and the blonde Miss Hyland as the dark Esther in the play. The girls trotted philosophically off to the chemist's for peroxide and black hair dye, and Frances was soon being pronounced "excellent" in her new role by the London Times.

"I cannot recall ever having been so moved by a performance as I was by the lovelorn Jewish girl depicted by the pretty and sensitive Frances Hyland," wrote another critic after the play had moved to a West End Theatre.

Esther, heroine of *The Same Sky*, marries her gentle sweetheart over her family's objections, and after she has a baby her husband is killed in the war. During a suburban tryout at the Golders Green Hippodrome, where Frances had also played in *Streetcar*, a carpenter remarked to stage director Leonard Michel, "That Miss Hyland, she was pregnant in the last play she did here, too. You'd never think it to look at her, off stage, her being so tiny and so young and all, but she's very good at acting that, ain't she?"

Frances thinks this is the nicest piece of criticism she has ever had. In the theatre it's the backstage boys who are the hardest to please. +



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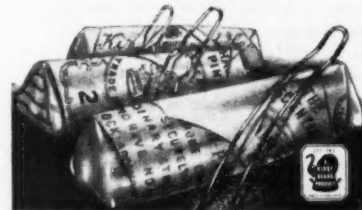


Imagine the whispers and glances when Marie Antoinette first wore this at the Court of Louis XVI! Erected on a wire frame it must have taken hours! With such styles also in vogue throughout the world, Kirby Beard Hairpins were then in great demand. Now, when hairstyles are mercifully simpler, elegant women everywhere still prefer...

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FASHION

Memo from Rosemary

White Elephant's Trunk—(the one in the attic dormer) may be your best shopping place for today's jewelry finds. There's a new vogue for filigreed sparklers copied from Italian art—and who can say but you may find just what you want among the cobwebs in the housetop hideaway? Remember those wonderful beads they used to string waist length? Twist them around your arms for bracelets or triple-track 'em into chokers. Don't just wear bracelets—try them in droves. If you like pearls, drape yourself around neck deep.



Rosemary Boxer



Corks For The Clever. If you're the bright gal who can whisk something up out of nothing and leave people seeing things, visit a hardware store and buy some corks. Cut into tricky sizes and shapes, and string them on colored cord for bracelets and chokers with casual summer clothes. Or, mix corks and beads intermittently on the colored cord. Dandy resort-wear conversation pieces. Any beau worth his salt will ask what the heck they are. . . .

Glove Compartment. Here's a handy little dandy if you've longed for an easy-to-get-at spot to cache that shopping list, streetcar ticket or movie stub. It's a novel shortie glove with snug and prettily ruffled pockets in the back. Tops (of pockets) are elasticized for fallproof insurance.

Put On Your Painted Bonnet. . . Often an old straw hat is still becoming but you've become bored with the color; or perhaps it doesn't click with new clothes. There is a new paint on the market for reviving tired straws. Paint just as you would a piece of furniture. The hat won't lose its shape because paint dries almost at once.



Are Your Crinolines Wash-Wilted? . . . If they are, then rinse in a solution of sugar and water (2 teaspoons sugar to a quart of water) and hand up to dry. This will put stiffness back into limp fabric.

ET CETERA DEPARTMENT

What length should my skirt be? This is a chronic brain-teaser in these days of the fluctuating hemline. They should be mid-calf, or approximately 14 inches from the floor. Most important, however, is to find your most flattering length, then turn up or let down accordingly.

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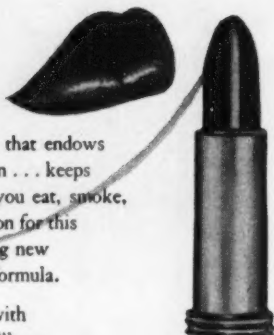
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L. A. WATSON

L.A. Watson



**So Gorgeous
So Varied
So Easy!**



by Helen O'Reilly

The gardener's world is very like the real world in this particular at least—one half of it has no idea how the other half lives. You owe this impressive observation to the fact that I have been making a profound study of the iris situation on your behalf, and I find that while you and I look upon gardening in general, and iris growing in particular, as a soothing, leisurely occupation, completely the reverse is true of the connoisseurs.

It was from the eminent authority, Sydney B. Mitchell, that I caught a glimpse of these frenzied flower fanciers that really opened my eyes. "To the general gardener," writes Mr. Mitchell in *Iris for Every Garden*, "the short iris season compares unfavorably with that of annuals, but for the specialists, the American Iris Society judges, and the amateur breeders it is long enough; most of them would end up in sanitariums if the strain lasted much longer."

Need Lots of Sun

After that I scarcely know how to break it to you that this very month is the ideal time to plant or transplant your iris. Now it's going to be all right, nothing could be simpler, but if the strain becomes unbearable you may leave the whole business until after the summer holidays. It would be wise, however, to order your new iris in July anyway because this is the month that the nurseries ship them and they are now so fashionable that they will be snapped up—well, as you can judge, iris growing is to the strong.

On the other hand, iris culture is dead easy (a thing I rarely admit about gardening!), the cost of all but the very latest hybrids is very small, and you may with a clear conscience take spadefuls of iris from your friends' gardens without damaging either them that go or them that stay. I should explain, of course, that I am speaking only of the glorious bearded iris which take our climate in their stride—not that the others are not beautiful too, the crested, the beardless, and those that grow from bulbs (I refuse to call them bulbous!), it is just that I do not want to alarm you unduly.

Bearded iris ("eupogons" if you want to be very grand, "pogon" being Greek for beard) grow not from bulbs but from rhizomes; a rhizome looks like a shortish,

bulgy, beige carrot lying on its side with a fan of light green leaves growing up out of its front end and a straggle of roots growing down from its underside so that it also looks like a large, ungainly insect. This object is what you get when you buy an iris or when you take a piece from a clump and, although it will increase rapidly, you will probably want three or four of a kind to form a clump if you are just starting because they will flower for you next June.

Dig a spot in your border the depth of your spade, place the rhizome on top of the loosened earth and barely cover it with the soil, patting it in firmly all round; if you are doubtful of the value of your soil, dig in a handful of bonemeal first, but iris are very easy to get along with and require no fancy treatment. They need lots of sun, however, and good drainage which means they will grow in the driest part of your border, on a slope, or along the top of a retaining wall.

When you are planting, remember that the rhizomes will spread forward and from the sides; if you make rows, place them a foot apart alternating the spacing and all facing in the same direction, if a clump, set them in a wide ring with the leafy ends outermost so that the circle will widen evenly, and if on a slope, put the growing end up the grade. If the ground is dry when you do all this, give the bed a good watering to settle in the new tenants and then forget them.

Moving Days

Transplanting is the same process, working from an old clump of rhizomes which looks rather like a batch of buns. The most satisfactory way to attack is to cut the leaves down to fans six to eight inches high, dig up the entire clump, break it or cut it up into single rhizomes as nearly as possible, shake or wash off the soil, and, as you will have far more than you want to replant, take only the new, outer rhizomes which are the firmer ones for the new planting.

If you put off this job until early autumn you will find the root growth on the rhizomes larger and thicker so you will have to dig deeper and to spread out the tangle of roots so that they will settle in comfortably. Be sure not to transplant less than a month before possible frosts because the roots

must have time to take hold before the killing cold of winter. As to how often to replant, you will find necessity your law! The second and third years are the best in the life of the rhizome but, as your clumps constantly throw out new rhizomes, you will be loath to dig them until they get too big and the centre ones die out. I must confess my iris stand patiently blooming until they have grown out of house and home—then comes the great moving day.

No Coddling Necessary

The happy thing about these gorgeous flowers is that they need so little service—no special watering or fertilizing, no pruning or staking. True, there are such things as rhizome rot (rare), leaf spot (very rare, and it does not kill the plant), and iris borer (extremely rare) but they are so unusual in this fair Dominion that I need not trouble you with their cause and cure. The golden rule is simplicity itself—do not coddle your iris, they will take care of themselves.

☆ ☆ ☆

SANCTUARY

By Lois Tedman Stockdale

Into the temples . . .
 Into the quiet places where the
 silence lingers
 Into the marketplace of the creeds
 where the softness
 Never dispels, even after the dark
 truths
 Are told at the altars—
 Not because of the gods that are
 present
 Or the rivers of sophistry poured
 through unctuous and living
 funnels—
 But because through the aging and
 frightened years
 Men have believed in the peace of
 the temples.
 Then has this lowly ungodly,
 impertinent belief
 Built little walls, closed small
 doors of the world until —
 For sanctity, men go to the
 temples . . .
 Man-born, Man-living, Man-held.
 Into the temples.

☆ ☆ ☆

The exciting thing about the bearded iris is the choice, for each year those frenzied fanciers, both professional and amateur, evolve literally hundreds of new iris; the result is that iris catalogues read like the daily papers—something new in every edition! As you know, the bearded species has the large six-petaled flower with three upright incurving petals called “standards” alternating with the three petals that flop like spaniels’ ears called “falls” on which the “beards” lie like slender furry caterpillars; and there are the dwarf, the intermediate, and the tall bearded iris (these last are also called germanicas).

The blooms of the dwarf bearded iris are as large as those of the others, but stand only six to ten inches high and they flower right after the daffodils; here there is not too bewildering a choice—I have my eye on *Endymion*, a ten-incher in “rich, mahogany red” and *Huron*

Imp, only six inches tall with “blue-purple standards and velvety, blue-black falls.” The intermediates come next in size and next into bloom and here my favorite is *Zua* which stands about fifteen inches high and whose pearly white flowers seem to be made of crinkled paper.

Finally come the fabulous tall ones in every possible color and in every conceivable combination and permutation of colors! Every grower’s list is different and each one will make you

feel like a child in a candy shop—*wbat* to choose? Out of this glorious maze of color, I cannot resist tossing a few suggestions but, of course, I might as well try to choose the chintz for your living room, so much is this momentous question a matter of personal taste.

Titanium, originated in Toronto, carries its pure white flowers four feet high; *Christabel* is brilliant red; *Golden Majesty* is a deep, glowing yellow with just a suggestion of red veining the curve of the falls; *Wabash* is a royal sight with

white standards, purple velvet falls, and golden beards; *Great Lakes*, a medal-winner from London, Ont., is a clear, beautiful blue; and *China Maid* is a delicate pink.

But you may have apricot, bronze, violet, even “brown”—you see now why the heads spin! Just one tip—remember that the expensive iris are high priced simply because they are new; if they prove themselves you will find them on the lists at regular prices next year or the year after, so wait—if you can! ♦

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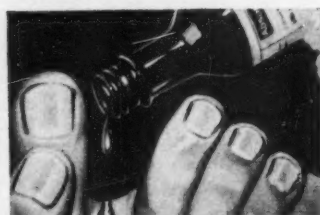


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OFF MEN

Continued from page 15

blushed. "I didn't like his name. I didn't want to be Mrs. Weatherwax."

"That's a good, sound reason," Midge nodded. "How about Ed, that lawyer? Did his hair grow in the wrong direction? Eyes the wrong shade of blue?"

Amy looked frosty. "Ed had no ambition."

"He was fun," Midge reflected. "But of course that doesn't count."

"You are missing my point entirely," Amy said. "I simply don't feel that love and marriage are the slightest bit necessary to happiness."

"Bully!" Midge cried. "You ought to form a club. You could devote the rest of your life to finding another member."

"I'm serious," Amy said frowning. "Take right now. You're frothing at the mouth for a date, whereas I am perfectly content to spend the evening with a good book."

"Fine," Midge said heartily. "Something on astronomy, or maybe Basic English. There's no better company on a cold winter's night than a book of Basic English." She yawned. "Why don't you run out and carve up a saloon or two? It'll make you feel better."

Amy sighed. "I guess it's impossible to have a sensible discussion with anyone around here," she said coldly.

"That would be me," Midge acknowledged. She reached for her shoes. "Let's eat."

"Very well," Amy said, and started for the kitchen. "How do you like your eggs?"

"I don't," Midge said. "By the way, where's Barney lately?"

Amy paused en route to the kitchen. "Barney lately?"

Midge sighed. "I know this is indifference-to-Men Day, but let's not knock ourselves out. I'll put it this way—where lately is a big, objectionable character named Barney Pangborn? You know, that chap from Vancouver with whom you condescended to go dancing last Saturday night?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Amy said, as though she were trying to recall the date of the Battle of Hastings. "Around, I daresay."

Midge giggled. "Now there was a man."

"Indeed?" Amy said, hanging an icicle on each syllable.

"Less ambition than Ed. And Pangborn—that's worst than Weatherwax. And he wasn't even good-looking. Gee, he was a combination of all the worst features of all the other guys you've flattened. That's love."

"What do you mean, that's love?" Amy cried.

"Why, some poor goop will fall in love with him. She'll use all the hand creams and she'll think all the gooey songs were written for her—" Midge's laughter became uncontrollable and she had to stop and wipe her eyes. "I'm beginning to see your point about love. It is ridiculous, isn't it?"

"And what," Amy demanded in a dangerous voice, "is so exquisitely funny about Barney Pangborn?"

"A girl give up her independence, her job, her freedom for a nut like Barney? What are you talking about? No, I agree with you entirely. You've convinced



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me." Then, as Amy's lip began to tremble, she added, "However, as I tried to tell you before it became evident that you weren't interested, there's a postcard from him on the hall table."

Amy emitted one shriek and fled down the hall. Midge shrugged and put on her shoes, thinking hopelessly of dinner, men, women, and some of the more peculiar ways of both... +

DECORATING BATHROOM

Continued from page 18

Shoved to one end, the bathboard is an ideal spot to dry and powder the baby after his bath. Younger children can sit on it for sponge baths, as can older people and invalids. If father likes to read in his bath he'll find the board slides along to make a wonderful book rest. And when mother manages time off for a relaxing hot tub and home beauty treatment, she can spread out all her toilet needs on the bathboard.

The board lifts off and almost every bathroom offers some corner to store it in, if you don't want to leave it on the tub.

Towel Storage

Look overhead and you'll find room somewhere in your bathroom for extra storage cupboards for towels and toilet articles—over the door, the bathtub, the basin. Without threatening anyone's headroom, such cupboards can at least be made deep enough to store rolls of toilet paper and towels—and they're an ideal safety spot for poisonous medicines. Make sure a cupboard built over the bathtub is well sealed against steam with putty in the cracks, and a coat of clear shellac over the whole surface.

A step-up stool, handy to help toddlers reach toilet and basin, will enable adults to reach these overhead cupboards easily. Chatelaine published plans for making a "Tadstool" last September, while a sturdy shoe-polish box would serve a double purpose in your bathroom.

Basin Cabinets

The other space you're likely to overlook is under and around your basin.

3 COLOR SCHEMES FOR BATHROOMS

1 WALLS: pale daffodil yellow. CEILING: lighter tone. FLOOR: earth brown. ACCESSORIES (shower and window curtains, bathmats, etc.): soft bud green.

2 WALLS: shell pink. CEILING: lighter tone. FLOOR: dark grey. ACCESSORIES: pale, pearl grey.

3 WALLS: mist blue. CEILING: lighter tone. FLOOR: deep ocean blue. ACCESSORIES: pale sand.



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Adapted to individual size and location,
a basin cabinet will accommodate a
laundry bin and/or a cupboard with
shelves built-to-height for soapflakes and
detergent boxes, cleanser cans, etc.
Directly under the basin is the best
place for your soiled linen; shelves here
might interfere with plumbing repairs.
Be sure to indent such floor cupboards
at the bottom for toe room.

Hand Towel Racks

A basin cabinet is also a handy place
to mount small towel racks for hand
towels and facecloths, within reach
when you need them. However, other
inexpensive racks will stick right on the
side of any basin with suction cups
(moisten with glue to make them adhere
permanently); and there are chromium-
plated racks which clamp to the edge
of your basin. Other racks available at
your hardware, furniture or plumbing
equipment store, are designed to stand
firmly upright on the floor, just reaching
basin level.

Color and Charm

Your bathroom can assume any dress
you wish—but if it serves the whole
family, don't make it look like milady's
dressing room.

For small family bathrooms simplicity
is the best rule, and an all-white bath-
room is hard to improve on. Floors of
pine green, deep ocean blue or bark
black emphasize the freshness of a white
room, and all towels look well against a
white background.

Whatever your color scheme, don't
use large-patterned materials in small
bathrooms or you're likely to drown in
them.

If your only available curtain space
is directly over your small window,
conserve your light by replacing the
material on an ordinary window blind
with chintz. This gives a decorative
effect while maintaining privacy. Never
reduce light by hanging curtains in front
of small windows; rather, if space per-
mits extend the rod beyond the win-
dow so curtains can hang to one side.
Best materials for bathroom curtains
are ginghams, preshrunk cottons, glo-
sheens, permanent-glazed chintzes, wa-
tered silks or plastics.

For a color scheme other than white,
consider continuing the same tone as
your hall into the bathroom—particu-
larly if it is a small one. If your bath-
room came complete with gaudily colored
tiles, find a wall color that will cater
to them. The brightest pink tile can
be pleasing if your walls are navy blue,
pine green or brown. Strident pea-green
tiles can look quite well if they have
a navy or brown wall above them.
Heavy maroon tiling asks for soft shades
of pink, grey-blue or grey-green.

If you have no problem other than
selecting the most pleasant colors for
bathroom use, choose colors which, like
white, suggest freshness. Several such
color schemes are offered in the adjoining
chart. Note that lighter tones of
the wall colors are suggested for ceilings,
because most bathrooms are low and
need "lifting." For added combinations,
colors in any one scheme may be inter-
changed.

In **AUGUST CHATELAINE** Cath-
erine Fraser will present five unusual
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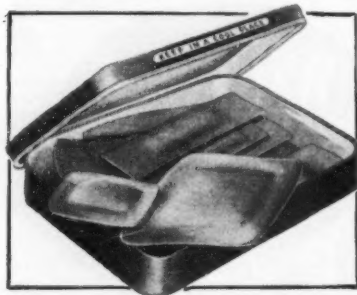
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BEAUTY

FOOT NOTES

The ultimate test of a truly well-groomed woman is revealed in the presence of glamour below the hemline

BY ROSEMARY BOXER

Naturally beautiful legs and feet are a gift from the gods and a rare occurrence. If nature didn't go all out in this department when she came to you, there are wiles and ways to outwit her.

If you have decided to aim for the glamorous-gam-goal then the first requirement is the ability to indulge in some honest self-appraisal.

Stand before a full-length mirror and pretend that you don't exist above the hemline. Now, look at your legs. This is how they look to the casual observer (they look even worse to your friends!). Ask yourself... "Am I wearing the right kind of shoes to flatter my feet and legs?"... "Are my legs shadowed and unfeminine with dark fuzz?"... "When I go barelegged in my brief sandals, do my toes peep prettily, or are they strictly utilitarian?"

If these queries produce negative results, then you'll know why admiring downward glances have never been beamed your way. Remember, any good impression you might make with a pretty face or a good figure will immediately be shattered if your lower extremities don't follow suit.

Prettier Toes. Promise yourself a weekly pedicure during the hot summer weather when you go stockingless, wear lightweight revealing shoes or bare your toes on the beach.

Always polish your toenails to match your fingernails. Two-tone effects are slightly incongruous—just like wearing purple-pink lipstick with glaring red rouge! Apply polish to the entire surface of the nail. This all-over technique is more flattering for toes.

But, first of all, if you have been neglecting your toenails, begin with a good foundation. After a brisk scrubbing, file the nails with an emery board. Then, dipping the thumbs into lubricating cream, start massaging and easing the cuticle back. Next, take an orange stick with a bit of cotton batten twisted around the end and dip it into a cleansing solution (teaspoon of peroxide and three drops of ammonia). Clean thoroughly under each nail and you're ready for your pedicure.

Bottled Tans. If you tan easily and don't have to wear leg make-up, be sure that you keep your legs well oiled to prevent the skin from becoming rough and flaky. However, if you want to

go without stockings and are one of those women who lie in the sun in vain, just take your tan from a bottle!

Leg make-up is easy to apply. Liquid make-up is smoothed on with the palms of the hands; tube make-up is applied as easily as cake make-up with moistened cotton wool.

Leg make-up comes in all shades from deep nut brown to pale beige, so make your choice carefully. Don't go too far from the actual shade of your skin but go far enough to present an even sun-tanned skin.

Be sure you allow it to dry thoroughly for a few minutes so that it won't rub off on your clothes. And when you wear sandals remember almost all of your foot is showing so be sure that your make-up extends down the sides of your feet and around your toes. Rub lightly with a tissue to remove the excess.

Banish Leg Whiskers. There is absolutely nothing more unattractive and unfeminine than hair-shadowed legs. It takes only a few moments to remove with one of the many inexpensive depilatories on the market—so if you fit into this "bear-legged" category—do something about it now!

Pampering Tired Feet. Your feet take a dreadful beating all day long, especially if you are a housewife or your job keeps you on your toes. So give them a soothing pedicure at least once a week. Afterward, rub them with cologne, sprinkle with foot powder and put them up for a few moments at a level higher than your head.

If corns or calluses threaten or have materialized, use those inexpensive pads and plasters made especially to alleviate damaging friction and pressure. If calluses are still in the threatening stage, little pads of lamb's wool over the tender spot will prevent them from ever forming.

Usually a few days will be sufficient to reinforce the injured area and bring it back to normal.

When summer bathing suit days roll around every woman suddenly becomes more aware of the appearance of her feet and legs, but don't forget that all year round their comfort and good looks will give you added poise and your clothes that final touch which will mark you as a truly well-dressed and attractive person. ♦



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YOUNG PARENTS



THE RH BABY

An RH positive husband and his RH negative wife can have one normal child - - but beyond that lies danger

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

Mrs. Brown, an intelligent young wife who suspects that she is going to have a baby, is making her first visit to Dr. White's office.

MRS. BROWN: *I hope that I'm not RH negative, doctor?*

DR. WHITE: You don't need to be worried about that, Mrs. Brown, thousands of RH negative mothers have had normal babies, but we'll test your blood for that anyway. Have you ever had a transfusion?

MRS. BROWN: *No, I haven't. I've never been really sick, but why did you ask me that?*

DR. WHITE: Well, it can play a role in this RH business, which is a pretty complicated affair. However I'll make it as simple as I can, actually simpler than it really is. About 5/6 of white people are RH positive—that is about 85% of us naturally have the RH substance in our red blood cells. You know of course that we have millions of these red cells floating around in the fluid part, or plasma, of our blood. The other 15% of us don't have this substance in our red cells and these people are called RH negatives.

MRS. BROWN: *So there are five chances to one that I'll be RH positive. Is that right?*

DR. WHITE: That's true, but to get back to the transfusion question. If an RH negative person is given a transfusion of RH positive blood, he may produce antibodies against the RH positive substances which he has received in the transfusion, because it is something

"foreign" or unnatural to his body. This occurs in about 50% of these RH negative people. If such a person is given a second transfusion of RH positive blood, the antibodies that he has produced will attack and destroy the blood cells in the transfused blood and this may cause a serious and possibly fatal reaction.

MRS. BROWN: *Then I suppose the doctors are careful not to give RH positive blood to RH negative people.*

DR. WHITE: You're absolutely right there, Mrs. Brown. They don't now, but it was only in 1940 that the RH factor was discovered and it was remarkable that it was found even then. However plasma, which does not contain the red cells, can be given safely to anyone.

MRS. BROWN: *What has this got to do with RH trouble in babies?*

DR. WHITE: It's like this. As you probably know, each child inherits half his traits from his father and half from his mother. An RH positive father may be a "pure" RH positive—that is he has two "doses" of RH positive and to each of his children he passes on one "dose" of RH positive. Technically he is homozygous for RH positive. Or he may be an "impure" or heterozygous RH positive, that is he has one "dose" of RH positive and one of RH negative. So the chances are that out of every two of his children, one will receive from him one "dose" of RH positive and one will receive one "dose" of RH negative.

MRS. BROWN: *I suppose the RH positive*

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is dominant, as you say the "impure" RH positive father has one "dose" of RH negative too?

DR. WHITE: Yes, that's so. If a "pure" RH positive man marries an RH negative woman, all their children will be RH positive, because they will all receive a "dose" of RH positive from their father. In this case you have an RH positive baby developing in the uterus of an RH negative mother. The first baby of such a marriage will be normal, unless the mother has previously been given RH positive blood in a transfusion or in some other way and has developed antibodies against it. If this has unfortunately happened the antibodies in the mother's blood can get across to the unborn baby where they destroy many of his red blood cells. As a result he develops a severe anaemia and even though most of his blood is removed and replaced by RH negative blood he may not survive. This procedure is called exsanguination transfusion.

MRS. BROWN: Fortunately not many mothers would have had transfusions, would they?

DR. WHITE: No, they wouldn't, but the same trouble can occur without a previous transfusion.

MRS. BROWN: How is that?

DR. WHITE: In about one out of every 25 RH negative women who have RH positive husbands, during pregnancy some of the RH positive material from the baby developing in her uterus gets into her body where it stimulates her to produce some antibodies against it.

MRS. BROWN: Like what sometimes happens when she is transfused with RH positive blood, is it?

DR. WHITE: Yes, but her first baby will be all right, probably because relatively few antibodies are formed. However in

Continued on opposite page

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Lesson 3 begins on pages 18 and 19 of this issue. If you missed either of the earlier lessons these were — Lesson 1: Fundamentals of Home Decorating — May issue. Lesson 2: Problems of the Small Bedroom — June issue.

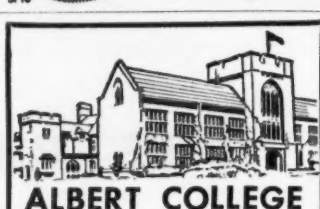
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CHATELAINE—JULY, 1952

about 4% of cases her second baby will be affected.

MRS. BROWN: How does it harm the baby?

DR. WHITE: That happens when the mother's antibodies get across to the unborn baby where they destroy his red blood cells and he is born with anaemia and soon develops jaundice that is often severe.

MRS. BROWN: Is there any way of telling whether a mother is going to be one of the unlucky 4%?

DR. WHITE: Yes, we can take a sample of her blood, when she first comes to see us as you are today, and if she is RH negative and her husband is RH positive, we can have the antibodies measured in it. We do this again between the seventh and eighth month if she and her husband fit into this category.

MRS. BROWN: Is it any commoner in later pregnancies in such families?

DR. WHITE: Yes, it is a little more common. It occurs in about one out

of 10 babies in the third and fourth pregnancies and in one out of seven in the fifth and sixth pregnancies. So you see it does not occur very frequently.

MRS. BROWN: I suppose finding antibodies in the blood early in pregnancy warns the doctor to be ready to treat the baby when he is born in whatever way that is necessary?

DR. WHITE: Yes, that's right.

MRS. BROWN: If a mother has had one baby affected by this trouble, will her next one have it too?

DR. WHITE: If her husband is a "pure" (homozygous) RH positive her next baby will be affected too and probably more seriously. You realize though that if her husband is an "impure" (heterozygous) RH positive half their babies should be RH negative and therefore safe from this trouble.

MRS. BROWN: Thanks for your explanation, doctor. I see now that this RH trouble is not nearly as common as I had thought it was. +

CHATELAIN CENTRE

Continued from page 1

The former Canadian was on Magazine Digest here and then Coronet. We had some stimulating shop talk, and she told us that Canada's prestige is so high—especially on the monetary side—that even taxi drivers expect her to be able to give them tips on what oil and mineral stocks to buy over here, when they tape her as a Canuck . . .

The Queen's Gloves and the Painter

With the roar of Niagara dimly in our ears, Chatelaine was proud to have a part last month in the impressive opening ceremonies of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire National Chapter meeting at the General Brock Hotel.

Our bit was a surprise note following the stirring President's address by Toronto's Mrs. John H. Chipman when we presented a portrait of Queen Mary to the Order. Artist Kenneth Forbes, who had been commissioned to paint the wonderful Matriarch of the Royal Family for a Chatelaine cover of April last year, was present for the unveiling.

Since the Order had purchased, displayed and presented Queen Mary's rug to the National Art Gallery, providing much-needed dollars for Britain, Chatelaine felt the portrait would have a fitting home in national headquarters. Members with whom we had a chance to chat from east and west were interested in the fact that Kenneth Forbes' father, John Colin Forbes, also a Canadian, had painted both King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, staying at Buckingham Palace the while.

The Queen graciously presented two pairs of her evening gloves to the painter for his wife; and Mr. Forbes reports that his father spent a small fortune buying gloves for friends of his wife who wanted to wear the royal handgear.

An understandable dissemblance, we think.

Mr. Forbes, fils, has no such memento, but is charged with a fascinating volley of anecdote of his many famous sitters.

He has just finished painting another of Canada's best-known industrialists, portraying him ten years younger than his present age—a not unusual procedure, he tells us, when a company wishes its retiring heads "done" for posterity.

"Do you do this with women, too?" we asked curiously.

"Women always want to be painted ten years younger, whatever the purpose of the portrait," the affable artist replied.



Sweater Queen

Ever had your breath taken away by the discovery that the young and beautiful can be completely natural and charming too? Twelve young Canadian models and contestants for a whopping prize, converged on Toronto from all over Canada recently, endowed with so much good looks and warmth of personality, we were bappy we hadn't the job of picking the winner.

Lured to these parts by GrandMère Knitting Company who had the bappy thought of bringing their sweaters more forcibly into focus, they were swept from party to civic reception to party.

Betty Neden of Clarkson, Ont., back row, right, who made her first modeling appearance in May Chatelaine, scored the most points, winning for herself a two-week whirl in New York and Bermuda (TV appearance and fanfare) plus a complete Canadian-made wardrobe.

Runners-up on the final stretch were—front row, left to right, Lois Whitehead, our April cover girl; Dusty Baxter, a student of architecture at McGill University, and back row, left, Vivian Keating one of the three finalists who made it so tough for the judges. Rosemary Boxer, front, right, our fashion and beauty editor, met the contestants on their arrival in Toronto and went along with them to the finals where she commented the show. +

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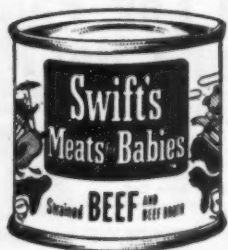
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Chatelaine

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NO. 7

Cover photographed by Desmond Russell at Glades Hotel, St. Petersburg, Florida. Pink linen dress designed by Elizabeth Koby for Frances Kaye.

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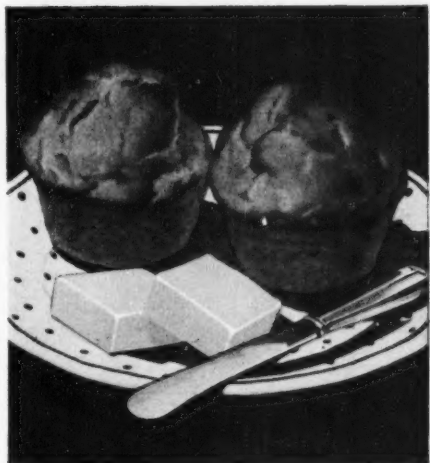
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